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## A TOUCH AT THE "TIMES."

WE are very partial to a kind of dozing stare over the great advertising broadsheet of the *Times*. With reverence we speak it, we have often enjoyed as much instruction and as much amusement from it, as from a perusal of those interior columns wherein float the awful thunder-clouds. Not that we presume to be indifferent to the magical words which duly appear under the time-worn emblem—the dial, pointing everlastingly to precisely five minutes past six, and reminding us of all that has taken place in Printing-house Square during our tranquil slumbers; and the three books—the book of the Past, and the yet unopened book of the Future; while in the centre, broad, conspicuous, and staring, stands THE *TIMES*, claiming instant attention—

"The present moment is our aim,  
The next we never saw!"

But it is of the times, as reflected in the advertising sheet of the *Times*, that we wish now to talk to our readers. Lackington, the bookseller, in his "Life," and Fearon, the wine and spirit merchant, before a committee of the House of Commons, have spoken of the gratification which their respective businesses afforded them, in the study of the physiognomies and appearance of their customers. On the same principle, the collecting clerk in the counting-house of the *Times* must have a profound insight into the structure of our social state. The bearers of that flood of advertisements, which sets in daily and incessantly to Printing-house square, must present to him a study of the most varied and interesting nature. Yet, after all, he may be only an "honest rogue," who considers that looking in folks' faces is no part of his business, which is simply to take money, give receipts, and enter results accordingly.

To us every advertisement has eyes, mouth, and ears: it is the shadow of somebody; it is the expression of some individual's wishes, hopes, fears, or anxieties. We look upon the *Times* as a sort of social mash-tun, where the bruised malt of human society is laid, to undergo the first process of being converted into liquor. Cravers and canters, beggars and boasters, the poor and the proud, the careless loser and the honest finder, the enthusiastic inventor and the embarrassed tradesmen, the shabby genteel and the genteel shabby, the sanguine lazy man and the struggling industrious one, horse-dealers and quacks, ship-owners and auctioneers, booksellers and tailors, all meet here, as on common ground: it is a sort of great "shooting gallery," where every man, whether he be a marksman or not, may try his luck, on payment of an entrance-fee. There is but one door for the literary man, the author of several popular works, and the laundress who has good drying grounds and fine air. Are you a young man, a good classical scholar, a university graduate, willing to make yourself generally useful, and to whom salary is no object? Go to the *Times*, any day of the year, and you will be suited. Would you like board and lodging in a musical family, without young children, and where you could enjoy good society? Advertise in the *Times*, and you will receive 365 applications. Have

you a sum of money "lying idle at your banker's?" Publish it in the *Times*, and you might as well upset a bee-hive. Do you want a baby taken care of "from the month," or a widow of respectability to superintend "your domestic arrangements?" or a young lady, who teaches music, drawing, manners, morals, and all the accomplishments, and speaks French as fluently as a native? or a young man who knows four languages, and has travelled much on the Continent? or a share in a lucrative business, where you can be a *sleeping* partner, and realise fifty per cent.? Go to the *Times*, for these and a thousand other wants, and it will be marvellous if you do not get somebody or something that will do.

There are certain titles and certain expressions in the advertisements, on which the *Times* must realise a handsome annual sum. Such, for instance, as—"Respectable references given and required," "Board and Lodging," "Sales by Auction," and "Want Places—all letters to be post-paid." A professional gentleman has a house larger than he can occupy himself, and would be glad to meet with two brothers or friends, or a married couple without children, who would help him to fill it—"respectable references given and required." A commercial man, whose flourishing business would be the better for additional capital to extend it, is desirous of meeting with a gentleman possessed of two thousands in cash—"respectable references given and required." A party who have engaged a yacht for a pleasure-trip to the Mediterranean, wish a few ladies and gentlemen to join them—"respectable references given and required." The friends of a lady, who has moved in good society, are desirous of obtaining for her a situation to preside over a gentleman's establishment—"respectable references given and required." The constant recurrence of such a phrase in the many advertisements of the *Times*, reminds us of the kissing of the marble toe of a statue by thousands of devotees.

A clever lady has told us "how to observe" when we are on our travels; and as there is no reason why we may not observe at home as well as abroad, we may here point out one or two *facts* to be observed by the reader of the advertising broadsheet of the *Times*. 1. From the great number of advertisements, in which respectable or unexceptionable references are offered to be given, as compared with those which also require them, we infer (of course) that more people ask favours than bestow them. 2. From the great standing number of BOARD AND LODGING ads. (this is the save-time abbreviation of the printers) we infer that there are a great number of unmarried young and middle-aged men resident in London, and that a considerable number of families live by administering to their creature-comfort. 3. From the number of offers of "Apartments," furnished or unfurnished, we infer that it is difficult in London to get a small comfortable house in a genteel situation, adapted to a limited income, or a small family; and that, therefore, people who wish to be thought respectable (though possessed of limited means) take larger houses than they require, in the hope of meeting with families to share them with them. Now, these three inferences are about as

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Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

good as some to be met with in travellers' books, sold at ten shillings or a guinea the volume.

But we have another "how to observe" observation to make, more important than the preceding—namely, the sameness, the want of distinctive character, which pervades the great mass of situation-asking advertisements. We do not allude to the advertisements of butlers, cooks, and housemaids, who must ask after a given and approved fashion; but to the advertisements of educated ladies and gentlemen. When we have read the advertisement of one governess, we have read five hundred. Poor things! it would not do for them to appear the least *outré*, or to scare the conventional proprieties of phrase; so they all march in full dress, wear a melancholy smile, drop a dignified curtsy, and, in quiet, lisping accents, announce, that they are competent to instruct in English, French, and Italian,—can handle the harp and piano,—and give the most unexceptionable references to families where they have had the *pleasure* of living for the last three or four years. Casually taking up a copy of the *Times* as we write, we observe that a family near town want a governess, who must be "a lady of decided religious principles and of cultivated mind, capable of instructing advanced as well as younger pupils in the usual branches of a refined and solid education, and of forming their characters on Christian principles." Here are lofty demands, qualifications, mental and moral, required of the rarer order; and one is tempted to ask what salary this family near town intends to give to such a qualified lady, should they meet with one, and what treatment they intend to give her. All we know is, that marriages, *comfortable* marriages, would be more numerous even than they are, if such ladies were more abundant. Teaching ladies are certainly more entitled to sympathy than teaching gentlemen; and yet we frequently feel our gorge rising at the numerous advertisements of Messrs. Squeers and Co., all of them asking for intelligent and educated young men to come and be kicked. It was, therefore, with a genuine hearty relish, that we read one the other day, asking for a tutor to go out with pupils to the East Indies, at a salary of first 20*g*l., and then 30*0*l., and to pass the hot months of the year at a cool station on the Nilgherry hills. Run, run, ye graduates of Cambridge and Oxford!

Talking of want of character in the advertisements, we may observe, further, that our pleasure in reading the advertisements in the *Times* is derived more from their variety in matter than in manner. When an advertising Englishman steps out of the usual routine, he rarely does it well, unless he be a professional quack, and advertising is a part of his regular business. Some time ago, an advertisement appeared, repeated at intervals, which announced that the advertiser wanted a situation as a sort of confidential hanger-on to a gentleman: he could talk, walk, run, ride, shoot, and sing an excellent song, but never better than his patron, unless required. This was out of the usual order, but it was vulgar, and only suited to catch the eye of a Marquis Fordwater. But, generally speaking, situations are sought, and people ask for partners, clerks, and servants, in a certain established phraseology, unless occasionally a young man announces that his "abilities are greater than his means," and that, therefore, he would like "to take a leading situation in a house, at a liberal salary, with a view of becoming a partner." Listen, however, to a foreigner. "I am," says Meyer, the Director of the Bibliographic Institution at Hildbourghausen in Saxony, "the sole proprietor of a vast copper ore formation, which, proved by two years' researches made upon it, extends over a tract of one and a quarter English miles in length." Then, after describing the present and prospective value of this property, and his wish to associate with persons of capital

to "form an establishment on joint-account," he bluntly says, "in Germany it would be very difficult, if at all possible, to find qualified partners, therefore I will not try it."

For ourselves, when we wish to enjoy one of the advertising broadsheets, we begin with the beginning, and read on to the end. We have neither the intention nor the means of moving from our domicile in this great metropolis; yet we like to see what ships are sailing for Calcutta or Jamaica, and what steam-communication there is between London and St. Petersburg, or London and Aberdeen. We have but little to spare in the way of charity; yet we read with keen interest appeals "to the benevolent and humane," not without suspicion, at times, that they are speculations on what five or ten shillings may produce; or in the hope that, if one be a "case of real distress," the humanity of Englishmen will not be appealed to in vain. We have but little interest in buying and selling; yet we like to see what chances are in the way, or what bargains are on the wind. Not a particle of concern have we in any company, either for making a railroad, or manufacturing moonshine; yet we sometimes con fresh issued prospectuses as earnestly as if we were about to take from two to five hundred shares. We require neither tutors nor cooks, governesses nor housemaids, roan geldings nor dappled grey cobs—but somebody always does; and, therefore, as we affect to be philosophers, we say, in the spirit of the old Roman, "I am a man; whatever concerns humanity concerns me." Above all do we sympathise with the ingenious inventors, who are persuaded that if any kind body would just hold out his purse to be emptied, they would realise fortunes. Such may be seen in every paper. We pick up one, out of several recent papers lying at our elbow, and looking in the most random manner, find one addressing "Promoters of Science," but warning people not to apply unless they can command £10,000; another telling "Capitalists" that he offers them an opportunity, "which is seldom or ever to be met with, of yielding an immense fortune," and asking for a gentleman with from £2000 to £3000; and a third from a lady—dear, honest, ingenious soul!—who would fill the pockets of anybody that would advance her £60.

But we cannot say that we like to see a clergyman "in full orders," and of "evangelical principles," advertising for a chapel to rent or buy, for that looks (though the transaction may be right enough in particular cases) like turning religion into a job; nor can we sympathise with those who offer five, ten, fifty, or a hundred pounds, for a situation, for that has the appearance of a sneaking bribe;—in Dublin they do it after an Irish and droll fashion, for, instead of saying openly and broadly *fifty pounds*, an advertiser offers *fifty thanks*. Nor do we like to see advertised, as was the case the other day, a genuine lock of Milton's hair, for that is on a par with the offer of a child's caul. And we feel a kind of half-nervous sensation when we see an advertisement for a secretary, or for a master to an endowed school, or for a matron to a workhouse, or for a manager to a banking company, or even for a porter to a warehouse: for we can see the news running like wildfire, the crowds running like mad, the certificates signing, the letters writing, heaven and earth moved, to secure the "berth." Oh! may it never be our lot to form one of a thousand candidates for a situation of £300 per annum; nor one in five hundred competitors for a prize essay, the successful candidate to receive fifty pounds! And this brings us to our last observation, for our glass is run: firstly, newspapers, in providing for the mere passing gratification of the moment, are storing up far more ample materials for future history, than an absolute monarch could accomplish, with a whole host of clerks, chroniclers, and annalists, in his train; and, secondly, if all materials for future history perished,

except the advertising columns of the *Times*, what estimate would be formed of our social state? "The people of the island which was called Great Britain," might the historian of the year 2555 write, "were cannibals of a strange and peculiar order; they not only lived upon one another, but they swallowed each other whole; and there was a huge worm in the entrails of their social existence, which had a million mouths, and every mouth cried Give, give! and yet they were never satisfied!"

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

##### THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

PIERRE DU TERRAIL, of Bayard in Dauphiny, who obtained the enviable distinction of the good as well as that of the courageous knight, was born in the year 1476. He was the second son of Aymon de Terrail, also a distinguished knight; who, at the age of fourscore, feeling that death was fast approaching, called his four sons to his bedside, in the presence of their mother, to learn from their own lips the paths of life they each wished to pursue. The eldest, George, hoping to keep up the dignity of his family, desired never to leave the chateau, and dutifully to attend upon his father to the end of his days.

"Very well," replied the old man; "since thou lovest the house, thou shalt stay at home to fight the bears." An occupation, it must be stated, neither easy nor inglorious; for Sir Bruin was by no means a despicable enemy, and kept the hunters not only constantly vigilant, but afforded them great and frequent peril.

Pierre's turn came next; and, to the delight of his father, he chose the profession of arms; hoping, as he said, to emulate the fame of an ancestry, whose warlike deeds already graced the pages of history.

"My child!" exclaimed the father, weeping for joy, "may God give thee grace to do so."

The other two sons chose the church, of which they afterwards became important dignitaries. How Pierre fulfilled the high vocation he had selected, we shall presently relate; but what success the elder brother met with against the bears no historian hath recorded.

A more graphic picture of the latter days of chivalry could not be presented than that which the memoirs of Bayard affords; for, besides that kind of interest which is derived from adventurous deeds performed at a time when the son of every country gentleman in Europe, who aspired to knighthood, became the hero of many a romantic feat, the biography of the "good knight" exhibits many passing details of the domestic habits of the time,—every trait of his character and adventure of his life having been recorded, and carefully preserved.

So impatient was the father to see his young aspirant equipped, that, the morning next after the solemn scene by the bedside, he despatched a messenger for his wife's brother, Monseigneur the Abbot of Ensay, who arrived at the Château de Bayard the same evening. Other relations were assembled, and Pierre "waited on them at dinner." After which, the family conclave agreed that he should enter the service of the Duke of Savoy, between whom and the house of Bayard there had long existed a firm friendship. The whole matter seems to have been conducted with the utmost haste; for the following morning was the time fixed on for his presentation to the duke. The bishop sent off in all speed to Grenoble for his tailor, who, promptly arriving with sundry assistants, worked all night with such diligence, that, after breakfast, the embryo soldier presented himself in the castle court in his new garments, mounted on a fine little horse, which his uncle had given him; and his daring and successful feats, in spite of the animal's efforts to throw him, excited the admiration of the beholders, and gave earnest of his future proficiency in horsemanship.

His mother, who had been sitting in one of the towers weeping, called him apart, and entreated him "to love and serve God, and never to omit the duty of praying night and morning,—to be loyal

in word and deed,—to be kind to the widow and orphan, and bountiful to the poor." Then taking a little purse, containing six gold crowns, "from her sleeve," gave them to her son, delivering at the same time a little portmanteau with his linen, to one of the bishop's attendants, whom she also charged to pray that the servant of the squire, under whose care Pierre might be placed, would look well after him till he grew older; a request that was to be enforced by a gratuity of two crowns, with which she also entrusted the bishop's attendant.

Chamberry, the seat of the dukes of Savoy, was at no great distance, and Pierre arrived there with his uncle on the evening after his departure from home, and the next morning he was formally presented to the duke, who courteously accepted him "as a good and fair present; with the hope that God would make him a brave man."

A period of six months, passed in the family of the Savoy, was so well employed by the young *apprenti des armes*, in wrestling, leaping, riding, and throwing the bar,—besides frequent precepts and exercises of a moral and spiritual nature,—that he was thought worthy of presentation to Charles the Eighth of France, then at Lyons. But before that event, Pierre, as became an aspirant to all the honours and attributes of knighthood, had chosen from the ducal court of his mistress a "fayre ladye," on whom he set his affections, and who sincerely returned his passion, which he hoped to increase by such deeds in her service as should be worthy of her virtue and beauty. The lovers parted with many tears, but alleviated their pangs by the mutual assurance of such frequent correspondence by letter as was practicable in those times; a promise which, notwithstanding an event generally fatal to such pledges, which afterwards occurred, was faithfully kept, even until death.

Bayard's exhibition of horsemanship before the king drew forth the applause of the whole court; which in a manner perpetuated by the nickname of "Picquet" it obtained for him. Charles was so delighted with the curvetting of the horse, and the grace of his rider, that, desiring to see Bayard repeat the action, kept shouting to the young horseman, "*piequez, piequez!*" ("spur, spur!")—the royal pages and the rest of the bystanders echoing the word, the whole arena resounded with "*piequez, piequez!*" The king transferred Picquet to the care of the Lord de Ligny, head of the noble house of Luxembourg, with whom he continued as page until arriving at the age of seventeen, and then was enrolled in De Ligny's company; but Pierre had made himself so great a favourite that he still retained his household appointment, with an allowance of three horses and three hundred crowns a-year.

We now approach a passage in Bayard's history which makes us tremble for the *sans reproche* applied to his character; but we are fain to be consoled by the striking example the following transaction affords of the dangers of ambition and bad company. At this time a Burgundian knight, one Claude de Vaudré, hung up his shields—the chivalric signal of a challenge—at Lyons, and, with the king's permission, invited all adventurers to encounter him, either with spear on horseback, or with battle-axe on foot. Picquet looked wistfully at the shields, and said, "Ah, good lord, if I knew how to put myself in fitting array, I would right gladly touch them!" by which action he would have signified his acceptance of the challenge.

Now, it happened that Bayard had formed an intimacy with a comrade named Bellabre, who was evidently one of those free, daring, unscrupulous young gentlemen with whom the profession of arms had for many years abounded. To this person Picquet communicated his regret that the want of fitting armour and horses would prevent him entering the lists against Vaudré. Bellabre replied, "Hast thou not a rich uncle in the fat Abbot of Ensay? *Par Dieu*, we will go to him, and, if he will not supply the money, we will make free with eroser and mitre. But I believe, when he knows your good intentions, he will produce it willingly."

Fired by this assurance, Picquet boldly touched the shields, to the utter amazement of Montjoye, king at arms, who was stationed in due form to write down the name of each appellant. "How! my young friend," exclaimed that officer, "and do you undertake to combat with Messire Claude de Vaudré, who is one of the fiercest knights in Christendom!" Picquet answered modestly, that "he only desired to learn the use of arms from those who could teach him;" and hoped that, "with God's grace, he might do something to please his ladye." In truth, the young adventurer felt much more apprehension at the preliminary interview with his uncle, than at the encounter with the "fiercest of knights."

The two friends instantly set off for Ensay, and the eloquence of

\* Vide "The right Joyous, and Pleasant History of the Feats, Jests, and Prowesses of Chevalier Bayard, the good Knight, without fear or reproach. By the Loyal Servant." Translated from a curious old French work.—London, 1625.



Bellabre so far overcame the scruples of the half-grudging prelate, that it not only procured an hundred crowns for the purchase of a couple of strong horses, but also an order, under the abbot's own hand, to Laurencin, a merchant of Lyons, to furnish the now happy nephew with such apparel as he might require. But here comes that part of the affair which makes one regret that our hero was *sans peur* of abetting a dishonest act, and that his ready acquiescence in the scheme of Bellabre does not leave him quite *sans reproche*.

The moment the friends began their backward journey, the tempter exclaimed, while reading the good uncle's order, "*Ma foy*, when the gods send good fortune men should not refuse it;—the order is unlimited—let us make the most of it!" and, on reaching the merchant's house, Bellabre boldly stated that his instructions were to have his young friend fitted out in a manner that should eclipse the whole court; and, there being nothing to contradict him in the order, Laurencin supplied gold and silver stuffs, embroidered satins, with velvets and other silks, to the amount of eight hundred crowns; while, not many hours after, the abbot's messenger arrived to restrict the order to an hundred and twenty. Perhaps, opinions in the chivalrous ages were much more liberal concerning such matters than they are at present; for the royal serviteur, in relating this story, sets it in the light of an admirable practical joke, which the defrauded priest himself ought to have enjoyed.

The military part of the adventure passed off well. Claude de Vaudré behaved like a good and valiant knight; for, "whether it was Heaven decreed that the honour should be Bayard's, or that Messire Claude de Vaudré did not, in courtesy, exert his wonted prowess against so young a combatant, certain it is that no one in the whole combat played his part better or so well." In short, Picquet obtained from the ladies the honours of the day, and the trick which had been played upon the Abbot of Ensay became a popular court-jest.

After this adventure, Pierre was equally successful in a similar one. Having been sent to his master's company stationed at Aire, he gave a tourney himself, and carried off the prizes against no less than forty-six opponents, who all did their best, and were not, like Claude de Vaudré, merciful to his youth. But this mimic fighting was soon exchanged for active service. The expedition of Charles against Naples called Picquet into Italy, where he at once distinguished himself.

The French king having entered Naples without a struggle, a league was formed between the Pope, the Spaniards, the republic of Venice, and the treacherous Lodovico Sforza, to intercept himself and his whole army: they waited for him at Fornovo, with forty thousand men, but were beaten by the French, who, with their Swiss allies, only numbered nine thousand. Bayard had two horses shot under him; and was afterwards sent with the Lord de Ligny to Ostia, to threaten Rome. Four hundred Spanish men-at-arms having fallen into the hands of the little band of French, one of the captains, named Sotomayer, was, among others, put under Bayard's charge, and having broken his parole, the latter, though suffering from ague, challenged him to fight, and killed him on the spot by a thrust in the throat. This so wounded the pride of the Spaniards, that—there being a truce just then—they proposed a combat of thirteen to thirteen, which the French accepted, and won. Bayard and Lord Orosi having battled against thirteen adversaries during four hours, and at last gained the victory. On his return to France, Pierre, who had already attained the honour of knighthood, found the fame of his deeds had preceded him, and he was received with every token of honour by his countrymen.

During the interval of leisure which occurred soon after the accession of Louis XII. to the throne, Bayard paid a dutiful visit to the widow of his first patron, (for the Duke of Savoy had died during his absence); when he learnt, alas! that his "ladye love" had become the wife of the rich Seigneur de Fluxas. Instead of torturing himself with vain regrets, he rejoiced at the fair one's good fortune; while she "desiring, as a virtuous woman might, to let the good knight see that the honourable love which she had borne him in her youth still lasted," advised him to hold a tourney; while Bayard, so far from taking the smallest advantage of so frank a declaration, replied that he would rather die than press her with a dishonourable suit, and merely solicited "one of her sleeves," and presently sent a trumpet to the neighbouring garrisons, proclaiming a prize, consisting of the sleeve, with a ruby worth one hundred ducats, "to him who should perform best at three strokes of the spear and twelve of the sword, in honour of the Dame de Fluxas." As at Lyons, so in this instance, the good

knight was pronounced the victor; and, having referred the disposal of the prize to the lady, she gave the jewel to the knight who was thought to have done best after him, and kept the sleeve "for his sake." Of all this the husband was a spectator; but so well did he estimate the characters of the dame and her first lover, that he entertained no feeling of jealousy.

In 1499, the Italian wars of Louis the Twelfth commenced, and Bayard was again summoned from jousts and tournaments to sieges and battles. While in garrison, about twenty miles from Milan, the good knight, having led out an adventure against three hundred of the enemy's horse, madly followed up an advantage he had gained into the very heart of the city, and was taken prisoner; but, when the general knew who he was, he generously set him free.

Soon after this occurrence, Bayard, being stationed at an out-post, received intelligence that a rich money-lender, escorted by a party of the enemy's horse, was on his way to the Spanish general. There were two ways by which the party might pass, and, stationing himself at one, and an officer, named Tardieu, at the other of the roads, the chevalier felt pretty secure of his prey. It happened that he fell in with the prize, which was found to consist of fifteen thousand ducats. Tardieu demanded half of the plunder, having assisted, as he said, in the *entreprise* (undertaking). Bayard refused the claim, saying, with a smile, "Truly—but you were not at the *prise*" (taking). Tardieu referred the dispute to the commander-in-chief, who decided against him; which, however, he bore with the utmost good-humour, swearing, "by St. George, that he was a most unlucky dog!"

"Are they not pretty things?" asked *le bon chevalier*, tantalising his comrade by displaying the ducats.

"They are, indeed," replied the disappointed Tardieu; "half that sum would make me rich for life!"

Bayard's answer was prompt as it was generous. "Only half?" he said; "then take them." The astonished soldier fell on his knees, and expressed his gratitude with tears of joy.

During this war, the chevalier concerted a scheme for capturing Pope Julius, whose allegiance to their enemies had rendered him extremely obnoxious to the French. His holiness would certainly have been taken, but for a snow-storm, which obliged him to return to the castle of St. Felice, whence he had started. As it was, Bayard so closely pursued him, that, had the Pope not leaped out of his litter, and actually helped to raise the drawbridge with his own hands, he would have been taken.

Though the good knight would have rejoiced in making his holiness a prisoner by stratagem, yet he would not countenance treachery against him. While at Ferrara with the duke, the latter proposed to get the Pope poisoned by means of a spy; whereat the good knight said, "O! my lord, I can never believe that so worthy a prince as you will consent to so black a treachery; and were I assured of it, I swear to you by my soul, I would apprise the Pope thereof before it were night." The duke shrugged up his shoulders, spat upon the ground, and said, "My lord Bayard, would that I had killed all my enemies as I did that! Howbeit, since the thing is not to your liking, it shall be given up." Thus, for the want of the good chevalier's concurrence, the scheme was abandoned.

Bayard next appears at the siege of Padua, which having been recovered by the Venetians, was besieged by the allies associated by the league of Cambray, to which the French were subscribers. The command of the whole army was entrusted to the Emperor Maximilian "the moneyless." The place was fortified with consummate labour and skill, and before the besiegers could take up their ground there were four barricades to be won upon the Vicenza road, two hundred paces apart from each other. The charge of winning them was entrusted to Bayard, who gained the first and drove the enemy back to the second, which was also taken after a good half-hour's assault. The defendants were pursued so closely, and with such good effect, that instead of making a stand at the third barrier, they betook themselves at once to the last; where they made a resolute stand, and the conflict continued for about an hour with pikes and arquebuses. The good knight grew impatient, and said to his companions, "these people detain us too long, let us alight and press forward to the barrier!" Some thirty or forty *gens-d'armes* immediately dismounted, and raising their visors and couching their lances, pushed on to the barricado. But the besieged were continually reinforced by fresh troops from the city, and Bayard seeing this, exclaimed, "they will keep us here these six years at this rate; sound the trumpet, and let every one follow me!" and he led on so fierce an assault that the Italians retired at pike's length from the barricade. "On,

comrades!" he cried, "they are ours!" and leaping the barrier, he was gallantly followed, and not less perilously received; but the sight of his danger excited the French, and he was speedily supported in such strength that he remained master of the ground. "Thus were the barricades before Padua won at mid-day, whereby the French horse as well as foot acquired great honour; above all, the good knight to whom the honour was universally ascribed."—This was all the glory won by the besiegers, for the town proved too well fortified for their most strenuous efforts, and the siege was raised.

The siege of Brescia, which was laid in 1512 by the French under Gaston de Foix, the young and heroic Duke of Nemours, was not less disastrous to Bayard than it was to the town and inhabitants. The chevalier, having objected to the plan of attack, proposed the substitution of dismounted cavalry for infantry at a particular point, exposed to the deadly aim of the enemy's arquebussiers. The Duke replied, "You say truly, my Lord Bayard, but where is the captain who will expose his troop to so much danger?" "That will I," said the good knight, "and be assured that the company whereof I have the charge, will this day do honour to the king and you."

After the duke had summoned the city, and the assailed had refused to surrender it, a general assault was determined on. The ascent being slippery, De Foix, "to show that he would not be among the last, doffed his shoes," and many followed his example. They won the rampart, and Bayard was the first person who entered, almost immediately receiving a deep wound in the thigh, from a pike which broke and was left hanging in the wound. "Comrades," said he, "march on, the town is won. As for me I can go no further, I am slain!"

As soon as the citadel was taken, they carried him into the goodliest mansion they could find. The owner, a man of great wealth, had fled to a neighbouring convent, leaving his wife and two fair daughters to the mercy of a soldiery, who pillaged and massacred the inhabitants without restraint. The daughters hid themselves in a hay-loft, and the mother beseeching Bayard and his troop to spare their lives, was answered, "Madam, it may be that I shall not recover from this wound of mine; but while I live no wrong shall be done to you or your daughters." He then sent an escort for the husband, who was conducted safely home. The family, however, considered themselves as his prisoners, and all their goods and chattels as his property by the lot of war; and, seeing the generous temper of the good knight, administered to his wants with such assiduity, and treated his wound with so much skill, that he was not long in recovering. On the day of his departure, hoping that a handsome offering might prevent his exacting a ruinous sum, the lady entered his room, and presented him with a steel box full of ducats. Bayard laughed, and asked how many ducats there were there? The lady answered only 2,500, but if he were not content therewith a larger sum should be produced. He refused to take any, but being entreated with an earnestness which proved the sincerity of his hostess, he sent for her daughters, and giving each of them one thousand ducats towards their marriage-portions, desired that the remaining five hundred should be distributed among the poor nuns whose convent had been pillaged. Such instances of Bayard's generosity were by no means few. Indeed, he never retained more of the money which the fortune of war brought into his possession than was sufficient to supply his immediate wants, generally distributing the ransoms he received for his prisoners amongst the soldiers of his troop.

Scarcely recovered from his wound, Bayard was summoned to France to fly to the relief of Terouenne, hotly besieged by the troops of the then young Henry VIII. of England. Though the encounter which ensued did no honour to the French army, Bayard did not partake of the disgrace. From the exceeding haste with which the Gallic horsemen thought it prudent to fly from the English lances, the fray before Terouenne has been celebrated as "the Battle of Spurs." During that precipitous retreat, the good knight, coming to a narrow pass through which only one soldier could advance at a time, he commanded a halt, and succeeded in gaining sufficient time for the French army to re-form and renew the action; but was, unhappily, taken prisoner for his gallantry. Being taunted by one of his enemies with the question, "How came it that Bayard, who it was said never retreated, turned his back upon them?" he replied, "If I had fled, I should not have been here." His country was too sensible of his value to allow of leaving him long in the hands of enemies, and the good chevalier was speedily ransomed.

Soon after the accession of Francis I. to the throne of France, in 1515, Bayard returned to Italy, the old scene of warfare, and fought against the Swiss allies of Ludovico Sforza by the side of his sovereign at the battle of Marignano, one of the most sanguinary conflicts that had ever been fought on Italian ground; for it is a curious fact, that the warfare in those times—before the universal employment of "villanous saltpetre"—were much in the nature of *assaults d'armes*, performed according to strict rule. Whatever combatants were weary of fighting withdrew, their places being supplied with fresh men; and the battle was always interrupted by the approach of night. Hence the loss of life at Marignano—of which it has been recorded that "all other fights compared with this were but as children's sport; this is the war of giants"—was looked upon by the Venetians, who came up just at its close, as prodigious. Francis having been witness of Bayard's romantic and daring feats, desired to receive the honour of knighthood at the Chevalier's hands, and Bayard had the honour of dubbing his majesty on the field.

After various services—among the most signal of which was the successful defence of *Meyières* on the Netherland frontier—we again find the good knight in the heat of battle at Ravenna, and though success attended his companions in arms, he received a wound which laid his shoulder-bone bare. He was, however, able to cross the Alps, and visit his uncle at Grenoble, where he was seized with a fever.

At the disastrous battle of Sesia the *bon chevalier* received his death-wound. He was conducting the rear of the French army when retreating in good order before the Spaniards, when a stone from a hacquebut struck him across the loins and fractured his spine. He instantly knew it was a death-stroke, and exclaimed, "Jesus!" and, after a pause, added "O God, I am slain!" He then drew forth his sword, and kissing the cross at its handle, pronounced these words audibly: "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam!*" He did not immediately fall from his horse but held by the saddle-bow, till his steward lifted him off and placed him under a tree; and there, earnestly gazing on the cross of his sword, confessed to his servant, there being no priest near. No entreaties would induce him to consent to being moved, and he urged his companions not to linger with him lest they might be taken by the Spaniards. When they came up and understood who he was, they treated him with the most honourable kindness. A tent was spread for him, and he was laid upon a camp-bed; and a priest having been procured, he confessed devoutly. The Spanish general, the Marquis of Pescara, on seeing him, exclaimed, "Would God, gentle Lord Bayard, that by parting with a quart of my own blood (so that could be done without loss of life), and by abstaining from flesh for two years, I might have kept you whole and my prisoner; for my treatment of you should have manifested how highly I honoured the exalted prowess that was in you." After this eulogium, Bayard uttered a prayer:—

"My God! I am assured that thou hast declared thyself ever ready to receive into mercy, and to forgive whoso shall return to thee with a sincere heart, however great a sinner he may have been. Alas! my Creator and Redeemer, I have grievously offended thee during my life, of which I repent with my whole soul. Full well I know, that had I spent an hundred years in a desert on bread and water, even that would not have entitled me to enter thy kingdom of heaven, unless it had pleased thee of thy great and infinite goodness to receive me into the same; for no creature is able in this world to merit so high a reward. My Father and Saviour! I entreat thee to pass over the faults by me committed, and show me thy abundant clemency instead of thy rigorous justice."

With these words expired in the year 1524, at the age of forty-eight, Pierre de Terrail, "the chevalier without fear or reproach," one of the last and best representatives of the days of chivalry.

The Spanish general appointed certain gentlemen to bear his body to a church, where solemn service was performed over it for two days; and his own people carried it home for interment. The magistrates of Grenoble, with most of the inhabitants and nobles of the surrounding country, went out to meet the much-honoured corpse, and it was finally deposited in the convent of minims which the Abbot of Esnay had founded. A monument was afterwards erected to him there, not by the king whom he had served so faithfully—not by the nation of which he is the proudest boast, but by an individual no otherwise connected with him than as being a native of the same province, and an admirer of his worth.

## THE JEW OUTWITTED BY THE SAILOR.

It is curious and amusing to witness, on pay-day in a man-of-war, the operation of dealing between a seaman and a Jew. They meet with a perfect understanding that each shall endeavour to over-reach, or, more plainly speaking, to cheat the other. The seaman, whose character for disinterestedness is proverbial, although scrupulously honest in other respects, has not the smallest compunction in cheating,—or rather in attempting to cheat, for he seldom succeeds in cheating—a Jew. We need hardly state that, in the endeavour, he generally becomes the prey of his more wary and subtle opponent.

During the time that large payments were made in bank paper, a very common and successful practice adopted by the Jew to defraud his sailor customer, was to return change for a note of less value than the one he had accepted in payment. The seaman, having received a large sum at the pay-table, in notes of different value, crammed into his pockets, thought himself clever in bating a few shillings in the value of an article, when he was often put off with change for a *two* or a *five*, instead of a ten-pound note. Disputes sometimes arise; but, as the men are usually half-stupid with drink, and can give no clear account of the mode in which they have spent their money,—as, moreover, they are frequently robbed by the women,—and the accused party is loud in protesting his innocence by the most solemn asseverations, there is a difficulty, or nearly an impossibility, in obtaining proof and redress. We, however, recollect an occasion (and it is a solitary one) when a seaman cheated a Jew at his own practice; and the truth was only discovered several months after the event happened, by the confession of one of the parties.

Upon an occasion of paying prize-money to the crew of a frigate in Plymouth Sound, at the commencement of last war, a boatswain's mate complained to the first lieutenant, that a Jew had defrauded him of a ten-pound note, which he had given in payment for a hat, tendering him the change of a two-pound note instead. The charge was sifted with more than ordinary attention, as both parties courted investigation, and reference was made to the prize-agent's books, for the number of the ten-pound note paid to the complainant. The note in question was missing, but it appeared that the two-pound note, which the Jew insisted he had received in payment, had formed part of the complainant's share, and as the missing note could not be found upon him, the case was dismissed, on the supposition that the charge was either unfounded, or that the Jew had put away the note before a search was made. The reference to the prize-agent's books in the cabin, when the business of payment had not concluded, gave the seaman the idea of a deep-laid scheme, which he put in practice about a twelvemonth afterwards.

The frigate having been fortunate in captures, prize-money or wages were always paid (oftentimes in considerable sums to the petty officers), on the day before sailing. The share of the boatswain's mate on the next occasion was upwards of seventy pounds, and he was paid in a fifty-pound and smaller notes. When matters had arrived at a tolerable state of bustle on the main deck, the business of the dealing at its height, bank-notes passing in payment for watches and other articles with extraordinary rapidity, this boatswain's mate, having taken a messmate into his plot, exchanged his fifty-pound note with his colleague for a five, and sent him to the devoted Jew, with instructions to purchase a jacket. This was effected, the note tendered, and the change received. Not long after, the boatswain's mate approached the same stand, and, after a little haggling, bought a handkerchief, or some cheap article, and gave the five-pound note in payment. Now, it is contrary to the practice of the children of Israel to conclude any bargains so long as a buyer seems disposed to extend his purchases, and although on these occasions they take the precaution to secure payment for the first article delivered, they are reluctant to render up change and close the dealing, until further solicitation to buy becomes hopeless. After a while, a final denial for further dealing was accepted, and the change tendered. Our strategist required the balance of fifty, instead of five pounds; high words arose, recriminations and allusions to the former affair were bandied, and an appeal once more made to the same first lieutenant, on the same quarter-deck. The officer adopted his former course, and, on reference, ascertained that a fifty-pound note found on the Jew was paid to the complainant. So far things looked suspicious; but the dealer asserted that he could point out the man from whom he received it. The hands were turned up, the crew passed in review, and he immediately selected the individual, who denied the charge, stating, in expla-

nation, that he had paid for his purchase with a five-pound note, and received change for the same, which he produced. No other money than what he accounted for was found upon him; whilst reference to the prize-agent showed that *he* had received the very five-pound note produced. The matter was now clear: the Jew attempted to call witnesses, but no further hearing was permitted. He was turned out of the ship, with his wares, amidst the approbiums of the crew; and even his own fraternity joined in the cry, so conclusive did the case appear.

We have related this circumstance because it is *one case*—certainly the only one we ever knew—where a seaman succeeded in cheating a Jew; and it is remarkable, that the two men concerned in this dishonest proceeding were the best seamen in the ship, and would probably have given their last shilling to any deserving object. When, after a length of time, the matter became known to the first lieutenant, he obliged the boatswain's mate to make restitution to the suffering party, on the ship's return to port; but the Jew was never afterwards permitted to come on board; neither could the two seamen be persuaded that they had committed any offence in conspiring to "do a Jew."

## THE GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,  
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;  
And their incessant labours see  
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,  
Whose short and narrow-verged shade  
Does prudently their toils upbraid;  
While all the flow'rs, and trees, do close  
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,  
And Innocence, thy sister dear;  
Mistaken long, I sought you then  
In busy companies of men.  
Your sacred plants, if here below,  
Only among the plants will grow.  
Society is all but rude  
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen  
So am'rous as this lovely green.  
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.  
Little, alas! they know or heed,  
How far these beauties her exceed!  
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,  
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,  
Love hither makes his best retreat.  
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,  
Still in a tree did end their race,  
Apollo hunted Daphne so,  
Only that she might laurel grow;  
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,  
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life is this I lead!  
Ripe apples drop about my head.  
The luscious clusters of the vine  
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.  
The nectarine, and curious peach,  
Into my hands themselves do reach,  
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
Inspar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,  
Withdraws into its happiness;  
The mind, that ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance find.



Yet it creates, transcending these,  
Far other worlds, and other seas;  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
As at some fruit-tree's mossy roof,  
Casting the body's vest aside,  
My soul into the boughs does glide:  
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
Then whets, and claps its silver wings;  
And, till prepared for longer flight,  
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,  
While man there walk'd without a mate:  
After a place so pure and sweet,  
What other help could yet be meet!  
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share  
To wander solitary there:  
Two paradises are in one,  
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew  
Of flow'rs, and herbs, this dial new:  
Where, from above, the milder sun  
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:  
And, as it works, th' industrious bee  
Computes its time as well as we.  
How could such sweet and wholesome hours  
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs?

ANDREW MARVEL.

#### THE MUD-BATHS OF THE CRIMEA.

To the many peculiar and remarkable objects in the Crimea which attract the attention of the scientific traveller, the mud-baths of Sak certainly should be added. Sak is a large Tartarian village in the south-western part of the Crimea, and is situated near the north-eastern shore of Tuzly, one of the largest of the numerous salt lakes in that peninsula. This lake is about six or seven wersts long, and nearly two or three broad. Its banks, which are of clay, are generally high and steep; but near the village of Sak, they are flat, or gently sloping. The country around, even to a great distance, is a slightly wavy and almost uniform plain, which only produces grass and a few plants of a kind of wormwood; but no tree of any description is to be seen. There are flocks of dromedaries, horses, black cattle, and sheep; and near the banks of the lake, are a few larks and whistling plovers. Towards the end of the month of June, when the writer resided in the village of Sak, almost all the plants of the plains were burnt up, by an unusually early and very scorching heat; a dead stillness reigned around, which was seldom interrupted except by the cry of the whistling plover, and the chirping of the grasshopper.

In winter, and the early part of spring, when the moisture of the atmosphere has thoroughly soaked the parched plains, the rain-water and melted snow swell the salt lake, and cause it to overflow the lower parts of its banks. Later in spring, on the contrary, and during summer, when the heat is excessive and there is but little rain, the water in the lake becomes very much diminished in consequence of evaporation, and leaves the flat parts of its banks exposed, particularly near the village of Sak. When the water first recedes, the soil only remains soaked with a solution of the numerous salts which the lake contains; but when it recedes farther, it leaves behind it, on account of its becoming by degrees more concentrated, a thick layer of salt, which gradually extends over the surface of the exposed parts, and forms a general covering, that has exactly the appearance of smooth and shining ice.

The salt is collected in summer, and heaped up on the banks of the lake in immense quantities, where it is purified by the rains and the action of the air for a whole year; and it is then sold for

domestic purposes. Those parts of the soil that are cleared by the removal of the salt are found to contain a great quantity of liquid, consisting of various kinds of salts of a black colour, and this is particularly the case in the neighbourhood of Sak; where, for a great length of time, this saline liquid has been used for medicinal purposes from May to September. A long and tolerably deep trench is dug, which, with the mud that is taken from it, is left to warm in the sun; the patient is then laid in the trench, and covered up with the mud, except his head and throat, when a copious perspiration soon takes place all over the body, and he must remain in this situation as long as he can. He is afterwards washed with water from the lake, or is put in a bath of the same water, and is then laid in bed to promote a perspiration, which is considered highly efficacious in promoting his cure.

This mud-bath has been found to be of the greatest service to persons afflicted with chronic rheumatism, chronic gout, and many other diseases. Many have been entirely cured by it, when all other remedies have failed. Yet it must be observed, that some patients, who have submitted to this mode of treatment, have been obliged to give it up after the first or second trial, because their skin has become irritated, their nervous system suddenly disturbed, and their pulse violently agitated.

The very efficacious effects which these baths have produced have extended their fame not only over the Crimea, but also over the adjoining continent, and patients resort to them in greater numbers every year. The accommodation in the poor and miserable huts of the Tartars was not only very uncomfortable, but for many patients even dangerous; and it was also very expensive. It must, therefore, be a great satisfaction to those who wish to try the mud-baths at Sak, that, for two years past, a tolerably large and well-arranged dwelling-house has been erected there by the Russian government, in which any respectable person may have a very comfortable lodging, entirely free of expense. This house stands quite by itself, between the village of Sak and the lake, and consists of one story of solid stone-work, of an oblong form, standing nearly due east and west. It is ornamented in the Eastern style, with several small towers. That side of the building which faces the south, and commands an extensive view of the lake and the surrounding country, has a projection the whole length of the house, which contains two dwelling-rooms, and a deep verandah supported by wooden pillars; so that any of the inmates may be protected from the scorching rays of the sun while walking under it, or while inhabiting those rooms facing the south. A similar, but narrower, verandah is on the north side of the building. The rooms have all tolerably high ceilings, but vary in length and width. Some of them are large enough for a family. The doors and passages are so arranged, that several rooms may form a separate lodging for one family; or one may be so separated from the others, that a person may live in it alone. The windows are large and of clear glass, and the rooms have deal floors. They are almost all much better furnished than those in any of the inns in the Crimea, with the exception perhaps of the Hôtel de Paris, in Feodosia. Even beds and bedclothes are found in this new building, which are but seldom met with in the inns of the Crimea. It is also kept exceedingly clean throughout, and strikes those who come to it from the hotels of Sympheropol with a most agreeable surprise. There are two wings on the north side, which also contain dwelling-rooms; to which are added, stables, coach-houses, the house of the manager of the establishment, the kitchen, and two small houses for the servants; and there are high stone walls which divide these buildings. The whole forms a quadrangle, with a large court-yard in the centre. There is plenty of cool, pure, and well-tasted water; and the domestic arrangements are undertaken by the manager of the establishment.

The season for the baths begins on the 1st of July, when the principal physician of the city of Eupatoria comes to reside in the mansion. A large tent, divided by partitions into a great many small apartments, is then erected over the place where the mud-baths are to be formed; the ground having been previously covered with a suitable floor of boards, so that neither the tent nor the visitors may be in any danger of sinking in the mire. The writer unfortunately arrived somewhat too late to see the tent erected and the baths used; but he was informed, that one side of the tent consists of a long wooden frame covered with canvas, and contains as many doors as there are divisions within. These doors are all towards the south, and, when a trench is dug in any apartment for a patient, the door is left open, so that the rays of the noon-day sun may sufficiently warm the trench and the mud that was taken out of it, before the patient is put into his bath.

## OUTLINES OF MODERN DEPRADATION.

THE only remnant of the "mounted highwayman" which we have in England, is the dead body of Dick Turpin, galvanised by Ainsworth, Dickens, Bentley, Colburn, and Co. and made to perform sundry strange antics, as if it were yet alive. So highly civilised have we become, that robbery and thieving have lost every particle of their supposed romance, generosity, and daring—the thieving of modern times never exhibits anything of the daring of the lion, though it still continues to be practised with all the sneaking cunning of the cat. On the strength of the old and trite axiom, that a knowledge of a disease is half its cure, we proceed to lay before our readers the outlines of modern depredation, as sketched for us by the Commissioners for inquiring into the best means of establishing a Constabulary Force throughout England and Wales. The following facts are all drawn from their Report, recently published.

"We find," says the Report, "no traces of mounted highway robbers amongst the class of habitual depredators, and could find no recent cases of the robbery of mails, or of travellers in stage coaches by robbers of that description. The last case of robbery by a mounted highway robber, was that of a man executed for an offence of this description committed near Taunton in the year 1831. The suppression of highway robberies in the vicinity of the metropolis dates from the appointment of an armed horse-patrol. At present, the roads in the suburbs of the metropolis are traversed by your Majesty's subjects at all hours of the night, almost with the same security as in the day. Robberies in the neighbourhood of provincial towns are rendered more hazardous than heretofore, by the increased number of turnpikes and other means of recognition and of detection. To the stoppage of coaches, and robberies by such acts of violence, have succeeded the simple thefts of parcels, which is a species of delinquency more safe and lucrative, and, as far as we are informed, they are more frequent than highway robberies were formerly. But footpad robberies, the robberies of single passengers committed with violence, are still so far frequent as to render travelling at night in many districts extremely insecure." The number of persons apprehended and committed for trial, in England, charged with robbery committed with violence, was 334 in 1826, and 290 in 1837. The following are some general statements:—

First: it is stated that there are, on an average, a hundred thousand commitments annually, of the able-bodied population to the jails of England and Wales; and second, that from twelve to twenty thousand persons are constantly in the criminal jails. But we would, of course, form a very wrong notion of the amount of crime, if we were to frame our estimate of it from the number of commitments. The commissioners conjecture that there are at least 40,000 persons in England living wholly by depredation. The common answer of prisoners, as to the number of depredations in which they have been engaged, is "Impossible to tell," "Can't recollect," "Too many to remember." Pickpockets—that is to say, the lowest class of thieves, who live by small and petty crimes—calculate that they must steal, at least, about six pocket handkerchiefs (or things of that value) a day, in order barely to live; and these pocket-handkerchiefs are sold to the Jews in Field Lane, and similar places, for a shilling or one shilling and three-pence, each; if one happens to be very good, the thief may get eighteen-pence for it. There are, reckoning in round numbers, about 800 professed pickpockets in the metropolis, and about 3700 common thieves. If each of these steal, on an average, seven shillings' worth daily, in order "to live," there is an amount of nearly sixteen hundred pounds of value taken from the pockets

&c. of the people of the "great metropolis," every day, in the working out of one department of crime! One can hardly believe this—and yet the good folks of the Town Council of Liverpool reckoned in 1836, that in their town there were a thousand adult thieves, whose weekly income being not less than 40s. per week each, amounted to a total annually of £104,000; 500 ditto, who work and steal, whose fruit of crime was a round annual sum of £26,000; and 1200 juvenile thieves, earning weekly 10s. each, amounting to £31,200; while the entire annual amount earned by the professors of crime and vice in the borough of Liverpool was set down at £734,240.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the following table. In Liverpool, Bristol, Bath, Hull, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there are police establishments framed and conducted upon the principle of the Metropolitan. The following, therefore, is a comparative statement affirmed to have been prepared with great care, showing the character of the districts with which a police, acting upon the principle of an incessant and vigilant superintendence, has to deal.

TABLE showing the number of Depredators, Offenders, and Suspected Persons, who have been brought within the cognizance of the Police of the following districts or places in the year 1837, comprehending—*I.* Persons who have no visible means of subsistence, and who are believed to live wholly by violation of the law; as, by habitual depredation, by fraud, by prostitution, &c. *II.* Persons following some ostensible and legal occupation, but who are known to have committed an offence, and are believed to augment their gains by habitual or occasional violation of the law. *III.* Persons not known to have committed any offences, but known as associates of the above Classes, and otherwise deemed to be Suspicious Characters:—

District or Place.	Number of Depredators, Offenders, and Suspected Persons.	Numbers in these Classes Migrant.	Proportion of known bad Characters to the Population.
Metropolitan Police District . . .	16,901	2,712	1 in 89
Borough of Liverpool . . .	4,711	..	1 in 45
City and County of Bristol . . .	3,481	605	1 in 31
City of Bath . . .	1,601	..	1 in 37
Town and County of Kingston-on-Hull . . .	937	303	1 in 64
Town and County of Newcastle-upon-Tyne . . .	2,014	454	1 in 27

What! some of our readers may exclaim, the proportion of known bad characters in the metropolis is to the population as 1 in 89! Then, deducting the very old and the very young, and the sick, and the home-occupied, and the absent, every second or third person we pass in the streets must be a bad character, ready for cheating, swindling, robbing, or pocket-picking, as circumstances or inclination may permit or prompt! It is difficult to keep down a suspicion of exaggeration; the returns are prepared by the only parties who can do so, the heads of the police; and yet, however honourable these parties may be, one can hardly help thinking that there must always be a strong tendency to *augmentation*, when people, who live by their profession, are called upon to state the amount of business which they have to transact.

But the table requires some explanation. Amongst the 17,000 bad characters of the metropolis are set down 2768 "habitual disturbers of the public peace," about 1300 vagrants, and about 7000 females leading an infamous life. This will leave about 5000 who may be considered as habitual criminal offenders; and when we consider (as was stated in a recent Number) that there are between three and four thousand persons tried annually at the Central Criminal Court, it does not appear that the numbers stated are wide of accuracy.

There is another matter in the table which merits the attention



of the reader. It is the column headed "Numbers in these classes migrant." Thus, out of the 17,000 bad characters in the metropolis, 2712 (say 3000) are set down as *migrants*. These, it will be readily concluded, are vagrants and thieves, who start upon provincial excursions, either at stated periods or when they find it convenient to do so. For the reception of these travellers, there are lodging-houses—thieving hotels—over the whole country. "The trampers' lodging-house is distinct from the beer-shop or the public-house, or any licensed place of public accommodation; it is not only the place of resort of the mendicant, but of the common thief; it is the 'flash-house' of the rural district; it is the receiving house for stolen goods; it is the most extensively established school for juvenile delinquency, and commonly, at the same time, the most infamous house in the district." These houses abound everywhere: a trumper states, that there is a lodging-house for "travellers" in every village; and that these travellers tell the people that they are seeking for work, but inwardly pray to God they may never get it! Metropolitan lodging-house keepers have establishments in the provinces, managed by their "agents." These low lodging-houses issue their "cards." It is stated that there are from 150 to 200 of them in Chester; they are numerous in Brighton; and about 2000 trampers frequent Chelmsford in the course of a year. In the small town of Llanfyllin, there are three lodging-houses. One of these is kept by an old woman, known by the name of Old Peggy. She never lets a tramp go to bed without money or money's worth, and the broken victuals a tramp brings home is sold by her to poor persons who keep dogs,—such as rat-catchers, &c. One man told a druggist of the town, that for twopence Old Peggy would give him scraps enough to keep his dog for a week or more. This druggist stated that Old Peggy has often come to him, saying, "God bless you, doctor, sell me a ha'porth o' tar." When first applied to, he asked, "What do you want with tar?" The reply was, "Why, to make a *land sailor*. I want a ha'p'orth just to daub a chap's canvas trousers with; and that's how I makes a land sailor, doctor!"

We shall give, in another article, some details, taken from the personal narratives of thieves, as communicated to the commissioners, which will illustrate the manner in which these "travellers" carry on their operations: meantime, we proceed with our "outlines."

Plundering the cargoes of passage-boats on the canals has hitherto formed a great branch of modern thieving. Owing to the number of small tunnels through which the boats on the canals have to pass, the goods are covered with a tarpaulin, instead of having a hatchway over them. The "art and mystery" of abstraction has accordingly been extensively practised, from the captains of these boats down to the humblest labourer on the banks or about the locks. Mr. Pickford, of the firm of Pickford and Co., says, they "can pilfer from a bale of silk almost, if not quite, without its being known; they can take out of a bale of silk just one hank, without undoing the stitches, and it makes a very trifling deviation in the weight, which can hardly be detected. Then with tea. If they have a large lot of tea on board, they make just a little sort of break in the corner of the chest; a tea-chest is never without some sort of break; and they take a handful out of one and a handful out of another." The packages that go aboard of these boats are packed by hydraulic presses, and so firm as to form an arch, so that the centre, when drawn out, will not decrease the bulk of the whole. The boatmen rob the packages in the most ingenious manner; taking impressions of the seals on corks, and resealing; matching the cord with which the packages are secured,—the captain of the boat generally keeping

an assortment of cord for that purpose; and stopping at convenient places for the purpose of "breaking bulk." "When," says a depredator, "we took wine or spirits, we knocked a hoop aside, and made a hole on one side for letting out the liquor, and one on the other for letting in air: when we had taken what we wanted, we put water in to make it up, and pegged up the hole, and replaced the hoop. We had a borer for drawing sugar or dry goods; we slipped the hoop, made a small hole under it, and took what we liked." "As an honest labourer," says another depredator, "for factory work, I got eleven shillings to thirteen shillings; but, while I was boasting, I have made fifty shillings in one trip, by taking goods out of packages. I have cleared five pounds in a week by depredations." And another says, "When boasting, I always took a little of something every journey. The highest sum I got was twenty-five pounds one trip. The whole crew were engaged in depredations, and I did as my companions did, and took goods of all sorts, which they sold to the different receivers on the canal. If we got one half for it, we thought well: the captain was the salesman, and used to have two shares for his trouble and risk, he having to make all deficiencies good." "We never feared anything," adds another, "for there are no constables on the canals. There are a few bank-riders on the canal, but the driver gives us the signal, and we get the cloth down, and make all right."

Poaching, sheep-stealing, highway robbery, and pilfering, prevail in the rural districts. Near towns, where facilities exist of disposing of farm and garden produce, thieving is carried on systematically. At one place, it was a practice for thieves to take orders from purchasers for fruit whilst it was growing. "A farmer told me the other day," says a witness, "of a great bargain he had made; he got from such a one twenty-eight shillings a ton for his mangel wurzel. 'Why, the fellow sells it himself again at twenty-five shillings; there must be something wrong somewhere.' The farmer took the hint, and investigated the case. A day or two day after, the man came again for half a ton. He had it as usual; but he was followed, and, on examination, we found the half-ton to be twenty-two hundred weight, instead of ten!"

A prisoner was asked, "What is your calling in life?—A labouring man on a farm.

"What are you here for?—They said I took some potatoes.

"They very often steal in your neighbourhood?—There is a deal of robbery.

"What sort of robberies are committed in your neighbourhood?—Sometimes housebreaking; sometimes one thing, sometimes another, just as they gives their minds to.

"When persons are plundered, they go and tell the constable?—No, they don't; they 'make it away' (they compromise it) with the people as robbed them.

"Do they break into gentlemen's houses?—Sometimes; but they break more into one another's cottages, and take just what they may like.

"Is there any sheep-stealing?—Yes, sometimes a sheep goes.

"If a sheep is stolen, do they sell it to the butchers, or salt it down for their own use?—They salt it, and bury it in some place under ground, and put a large flag (stone) over it.

"Do the farmers go to the constable?—No.

"Are they afraid?—Yes; they are afraid that worse may happen after to them.

"Is there any magistrate?—Yes, about five miles off; they be terrible strict about poaching.

"Do the housebreakers go in gangs?—Yes, seven or eight to a housebreaking job.

"Do they travel any distance to commit robberies?—Yes;

they will go twelve or fourteen miles out to housebreaking or poaching.

"Do these men spend their time idling about all day?—They are always idle by day, and spending money at beer-houses.

"They have plenty of money?—Lots of it, always.

"Is it well known that they are housebreakers and thieves?—Yes.

"Are they watched?—The farmers watch their own houses, not knowing when they may be attacked; these fellows are getting so uncommon 'hard-faced' (daring)."

The coasts of England are disgraced by the practices of "wreckers," to an extent which one can hardly believe of this humane, civilised, and Christian country. It is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good—so say the wreckers of Cornwall and Cheshire. On a portion of the Cheshire coast, not far from Liverpool, the habits of the people are those of reckless wreckers. They will rob those who have escaped the perils of the sea, and come safe to shore; they will mutilate dead bodies for the sake of rings and personal ornaments;—a hurricane generally produces to them a glorious harvest. Similar charges can be brought against the people of the south-eastern and the south-western coasts of England, though those of Cheshire and Cornwall are the worst. We lift up our hands in amazement and horror, when we hear of an African or a New Zealand tribe seizing some of our luckless shipwrecked countrymen, and either putting them to death or carrying them off captive; yet at this very hour, not only foreigners, but "our own people and our own kindred," can bear testimony to the fact, that tribes of savages dwell round the English coasts. But for the coast-guard, matters would be worse even than they are.

#### PETRIFYING SPRINGS IN TIBET.

AN extremely interesting account is given in the Asiatic Researches, vol. xii., of a journey undertaken, and, after many dangers and privations, accomplished, by Captain Moorcroft, to explore that part of Little Tibet where the shawl goat is pastured; and also to visit the celebrated lake Mánasarowar, in the neighbourhood of which the Indus has its origin. The lake has no outlet; but as it is difficult to imagine that evaporation can be sufficiently powerful, in so cold a climate, to dissipate the large quantity of water brought into the lake, in the season of thaw, from the surrounding mountains, Mr. Moorcroft imagines that it may, when thus swollen, and at its highest level, communicate with lake Rawan, with which the river Sutlej is supposed to have a communication. Of the difficulties and dangers of the journey it would be impossible to give a condensed account; paths were traversed which appeared impassable to any creature except the sure-footed goat of Tibet; paths, before which even the "mauvais pas" of the Alps shrinks into insignificance; torrents were crossed by means of bridges which seemed scarcely passable even for the light tread of the goat; and to crown the whole, the party were obliged to endure molestation, delay, and even temporary captivity, by the savage inhabitants of these uncivilized regions. But the object was eventually gained; and the account remains but one of the thousand proofs of what intrepidity and perseverance may achieve. The following is the description of some petrifying springs near Tirtápúri, on the river Sutlej, which is an affluent of the Indus.

"To the west of the town, and about a quarter of a mile distant, are the hot springs, forming one of the most extraordinary phenomena I have ever witnessed. From two mouths, about six inches in diameter, issue two streams, bubbling about four inches higher

than the level of the stony substance whence they escape. The water is very clear, and so hot, that the hand cannot bear to be put into it for an instant; and a large volume of smoke curls round them constantly. They burst forth from a table of calcareous stone nearly half an inch in diameter, and raised in most places ten or twelve feet above the plain on which it stands. This has been formed by the deposit from the water of the springs while cooling. Immediately surrounding the springs, the stone is as white as the purest stucco. The water flowing over a surface nearly horizontal, as it escapes from the vents forms shallow basins, of different size and shape. The edges of all these basins are curiously marked with indentations and projections, like the tops of mushrooms and fleurs-de-lis, formed by calcareous matter, prevented from uniting in one uniform line by the continual but gentle undulation of the water entering into and escaping from the several basins, which are emptied by small and successive falls into the surrounding plain. By degrees, however, the fringed edge becomes solid, and contracting the basin, of which the hollow fills likewise, the water takes a new course and makes new reservoirs which in their turn become solid. Although the water appears perfectly transparent, the calcareous earth, which it deposits, is of different colours; in the first instance, near the mouth, it is delicately white without a stain; at a little distance it assumes a pale straw tint; and further on, a deep saffron hue; in a second, the deposit has a rosy hue, which, as it recedes from the source, becomes of a deeper red. These various colours are deposited in the strata, which hardening, retain the tinges they received when soft; and give rise to variously stratified and veined stone and marble. The whirls, twists, knots, and waves, which some of the fractured edges exhibit, are whimsically curious, and show all the changes which the stony matter undergoes, from soft tufa to hard marble. I observed that the marble is generally formed in the middle of the depth of the mass, rising up with nearly a perpendicular front of the height before mentioned; the table must have been the work of ages. The calcareous matter, which is so largely dissolved and suspended by the water whilst hot, is probably furnished by the chalky mountains above Tirtápúri; but the origin of the heat, I have no clue to discover. The water must be most strangely situated, for two streams so inconsiderable to throw down such a prodigious quantity of earth; and the surface, where quiet, is also covered with a thin crust of semi-transparent matter like that which rises on supersaturated lime-water."

#### INDIAN PICTURE-WRITING.

THE Rev. Mr. West, who was a chaplain to the Hudson's-Bay Company, in a narrative of a journey which he undertook, in 1820, within the territory of the Red-River colony, says, "We forded Broad River, on the banks of which we saw several dens which the bears had scratched for shelter; and seeing the smoke of an Indian tent-fire at some distance before us, in the direction we were going, we quickened our step, and reached it before we stopped to breakfast. We found the whole family clothed in deer-skins, and upon a hunting excursion from Church-hill. The Indian, or rather a half-breed, was very communicative, and told me that, though he was leading an Indian life, his father was formerly a master at one of the Company's posts, and he proposed accompanying our party to the factory. He had two sons, he said, who were gone in pursuit of a deer; and, on quitting the encampment, to travel with us, he would leave some signs for them to follow us on their return. They were drawn upon a broad piece of wood, which he prepared with an axe. They were, 1st, a tent struck, to intimate that a party had gone forward in a particular direction; 2d, five rude figures, indicating the number of the party, and exhibiting, by their dress and accoutrements, the rank or condition of each individual,—viz. a European chief, a European servant, an Indian attendant, and the two Indians from the encampment; 3d, a curvilinear figure, with the two extremities of the curve pointing towards the hindmost of the figures, to intimate to the Indian's two sons that they were to follow the party."

### ADVENTURES OF A SCOTCH CAMERONIAN IN SEARCH OF A UNIVERSAL CHURCH.

THE Cameronians are so called after the Rev. Richard Cameron, who was killed in a conflict at Airdsmoss, in Ayrshire, on the 20th of July, 1680. They are also called "M'Millans," or "M'Millanites," from the name of the first minister who espoused their cause after the revolution; and also sometimes "Covenanters," from their adherence to the national covenant of Scotland, and the solemn league and covenant of the three kingdoms. But their proper designation is that of "Reformed Presbyterians," or, in Scotland, where they had their origin, "Old Presbyterian Dissenters." There are upwards of thirty churches of Cameronians in Scotland, and a few in Ireland, besides a considerable number in America.

The Cameronians are noted as being the strictest and sternest of the Presbyterians, in their adherence to practice as well as doctrine, as handed down to them by their forefathers from the "times of persecution." Until recently there were considerable numbers of the old people amongst them, who presented fine specimens of what the old Covenanters were, when they met to worship on the hill-side, armed with Bible and sword. But the modern Cameronians are becoming fast modernised, and do not present many noticeable peculiarities to distinguish them particularly from their other Presbyterian brethren.

The parents of Amicus Veritatis (the "friend of truth,") were Scotch Cameronians, staunch, stern, and sturdy, possessing all the peculiarities of their peculiar party, with no small share of its piety and devotedness. They carefully trained up their children in the way they wished them to go—set before their eyes a fair example of the power even of gloomy Calvinism, in teaching to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, mingled at the same time with a cordial affection for four-hour sermons, and a patient zeal in undertaking ten and twenty mile walks on sacramental occasions. They plumed themselves highly on their complete and total separation from Antichrist, both in word and deed, and yet all the while were fast fettered by one of his chains. Deeming themselves to be walking in the light of Scripture purity, they disdained to listen to any preacher of another sect—and set down those of their own communion who did so, as having "itching ears." If their own worthy minister (and he was a worthy and a good man) happened to be prevented, by any circumstance, from "holding forth the word," in their own place of worship, they never dreamed of going anywhere else, but stayed at home, and carefully read "the Buke." The sacred volume was not to them "a spring shut up, and a fountain sealed;" for by the law and the testimony did they strive to measure both doctrines and deeds—and duly mourn and even were the family gathered together to attend the *reading*, as it is emphatically called. The shortness of the breakfast hour shortened their morning devotions—but in the evening the psalm was regularly sung, or rather *crooned*, to the same tune which had been regularly used for a long series of years—and then the patriarch of the family, after reading the chapter in his own quiet and monotonous tone, would accompany it with remarks not inappropriate; and afterwards kneeling down, breathe a heart-felt prayer to the Father of the spirits of all flesh, imploring for his household mercy and grace, that they might be kept from falling, and guided all their journey through, until they arrived at the Canaan above. Ah! *their* worship was indeed "worship in spirit and in truth." Though the services were occasionally prolonged until the junior portion of the family were asleep—still the prayer ascended from sincere lips, and faith unfeigned.

Amicus was a favourite from his birth; and as he was a "douce auld-farrent chap," the favouritism was not thrown away. One thing, however, vexed his parents—as he grew up, he manifested symptoms of what they termed "a new-fangled disposition;" and this was first observable by sundry objections to the lengthy sermons he was accustomed to hear, and occasional scruples to commit to memory the huge portions of Scripture assigned him on Sunday afternoons. As he got older, he manifested still more of it—endeavoured to break through the regular mill-horse round of duties, which were scrupulously and unswervingly observed in the domestic course of instruction and devotion—and at times absented himself from the meeting-house, if any popular preacher happened to be near at hand. The truth was, that Amicus, though an obedient and obliging son, was labouring to follow in the wake of the "march of intellect," and the light was pouring in through the crevices of the Cameronian shutters with which his mind had been darkened. He had sense and penetration

enough to observe, that pious as his parents and their party might be, their religious system tended to contract the mind, and tinge it with gloom—and as he approached manhood he felt an irresistible desire to walk abroad, and view that world of which he had hitherto only heard as it were by the hearing of the ear—so, like most Scotchmen, prudently and judiciously revolving the idea, that though his own country was a very good country, he might do better in another, he gathered up all he had, and departed to what he considered, in his simplicity, a comparatively distant land, carrying with him the prayers and the counsels of his father and mother, and the kind wishes of his friends.

Amicus arrived in London, with all that peculiar aversion to the Establishment which his education might be supposed calculated to inspire. He had never been trained to entertain any great reverence for popery or prelacy; and though ignorant of the Articles, Liturgy, and form of worship of the established church, and that from the best of all reasons, having never read the one nor seen the other, he yet regarded her as a daughter of the "mother of harlots," decked and adorned with her trimmings, and pitching her tent in the immediate vicinity of Babylon. But being now free from observation and control, he thought he might do worse than enter an episcopal church. He gazed around with a mingled feeling of curiosity and admiration; but when the first tones of the organ pealed upon his ears, all his antipathies rushed to their citadel, and a cold shuddering sensation crept through his veins. He ventured, however, to stand it out; and as the service proceeded, he listened with more composure and less contempt, until at last his taste (for he *had* taste) was so gained upon by the beauty and sublimity of the prayers, as almost involuntarily, at one time, to bend his knee, though he could not bring it to the ground. The prayers and responses were read and given with that solemnity and emphasis of accent and manner, so much desired by those who combine correct taste with deep devotion; and even though Amicus shrunk a little at the bowing of the head at the name of Jesus, because he fancied it was so *popish-like*, he began to admit the thought, that a *read-prayer* might be sincere, and that many bowed not merely their heads, but their hearts. The sermon, however, crowned the measure of his astonishment. A man who was "sae daft as to change his goon," actually preached an excellent sermon—and Amicus departed, surprised and pleased that any good could come out of Nazareth. He repeated his visits, and each visit found him better pleased; there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he looked up, determining no longer to walk in darkness, or, mole-like, to hide himself from the light of day. Just about this time he came in contact with the Roman Catholic objection to Protestantism—its want of unity. The objection is good, thought Amicus; it must do nothing for *that* church which, in spite of all its infallibility, has been torn by divisions: yet it comes powerfully upon Protestants who claim the right of judging for themselves, and appeal to the Bible as their only rule of faith. Surely if there be but one God, and one Bible, there can be, or ought to be, but one church: and how does it come that there are such a vast variety of sects in the Christian world? The idea was startling, and he determined to pursue it to the uttermost. To find out the sect nearest the purity of the truth, became the absorbing desire of his soul, and to it every other consideration was compelled to yield. But notwithstanding his new-formed admiration of the establishment, his prejudices were too strong for him to consider it as the purest; and so out he went a sect-hunting—though it might truly be said, he went out not knowing whither he went.

The Methodists—the bustling, laborious, indefatigable Methodists—first attracted his attention. Their zeal was manifest, their activity was pleasing, and their piety truly persuasive. Amicus walked over to them at once, and felt for a while pleased and happy. Their prayer-meetings, class-meetings, band-meetings; their love-feasts, their sermons, their exhortations, from house to house; their teaching of the young, their kindness to the old, and their visits to the sick, all indicated a people whose hearts were warm in a good cause, and zealously affected in a good thing. Moreover, they were under active discipline, providing their own spiritual officers, building their own places of worship, raising their own funds, divided into rank and file, ready to assail the foe, whosoever he might entrench himself; and fearless of peril by land or sea, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing sons of Adam. Surely, thought Amicus, of a truth God is with them: the good they have done, proclaims that his blessing is upon them; their increasing numbers testify their success, and if any marks can identify a Christian people, it



must be such as these. But, alas! in the very midst of his pleasure and satisfaction, he was cruelly disturbed. The doctrine of election met him fair in the face, and like the angel with his fiery sword, that stopped the progress of the covetous soothsayer, prevented him from turning to the right hand or the left. He had never considered it before, having taken it upon trust, like many more of his opinions. Now, justice and impartiality demanded a fair examination; and as his puny intellect approached the subject, it seemed like a pigmy attempting to unseat the Andes. There it lay, a gulf, deep, dark, and unfathomable; it seemed like the Deity himself, veiled in clouds, while darkness was under his feet. The more he read, and the more he thought, it became more dark and obscure—"My sheep shall never perish"—"I myself might be a castaway"—"No man can come unto me except the Father draw him"—"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure." "Oh, where am I?" cried Amicus; and he turned his feeble brain away from a contemplation so profound.

Another doctrine now presented itself, and renewed his vexation and disappointment. What! do the Methodists teach the possibility of attaining *perfection* in this life? Amicus looked inward and sighed. He opened his Bible, and could find nothing to bear it out, though one or two passages were strained to prove the doctrine. "I will never be a perfect Methodist!" he exclaimed; and just at this unfavourable moment he detected some inconsistencies in the conduct of one of the most vehement of his new friends. "Oh, I see it all—they screw up their feelings so high, that they lose their elasticity; they climb their devotional ladder with such rapidity that they lose their balance, and down they tumble to mother earth, with a velocity which astonishes the bystanders." He now began to scrutinise everything connected with Methodism with severity. "I am sadly afraid," said he, "that they sometimes substitute their own feelings for that complete and full salvation they so freely preach;" and becoming more and more dissatisfied because he could not immediately find the *perfection* that he wished, away he walked, just as he came, and halted not till he landed right among the Quakers.

What a total transition! from the land of bustle to the region of repose. The very atmosphere seemed charged with *stillness*, and the world shut out, with the hum and din of its perplexing and petty affairs. Novel as it was, the spirit of Amicus was charmed and captivated; the entire absence of pomp and parade won upon his mountaineer prejudices; and though the silence was broken by a female voice, a strange sight to one who had never heard the weaker vessel admonishing publicly the lords of creation, yet the feeling it excited was anything but one of contempt. He cast his eye over the whole assembly; the gravity of the men, not a muscle discomposed, but every feature apparently indicative of peace within; the modest attire, the shamedness and sobriety of the females—it was irresistible. "Here are the fruits of Christianity,—what more can I want? what more do I seek?" And wistful there sprang up along with the wheat a rare in the mind of Amicus. "They are all well-to-do in the world; people say, they are very kind to each other—they seem to enjoy *this* life, and to be sure of the *next*." He saw this, but passed it by; for corrupt motives surely could not influence him in seeking after truth. He thought, too, that (but reader, *this thought* was at the very bottom of his heart—he could hardly see it himself) he might want a wife, and there seemed some very excellent young ladies in the connexion. Let that pass, however; it is hardly worth mentioning. He began to examine their principles, and wanted to know how he would acquire them. Barclay's Apology was put into his hand. "What a thick volume! it will take me a long time to read that." He turned over the leaves, and read the contents. "Universal light—immediate revelation—the influence of the Spirit—election—Tut! there is election again. I tremble when so much is said about it—*war*—what about war? Yes, war is a most unchristian practice—the fruit of evil passions—but, what! no fighting at all, not even in self-defence?" All the covenant rose within his soul. He recollected with what emotion his good old father used to tell of the time, when upon a hill-side, the tender female with her child in her lap, and the stern husband and son, girded with belt and bandoleer, would listen to some venerable Poundtext, a Bible in one hand, and a sword in the other, and all the while a scout on some neighbouring height to give notice of the approach of the enemy. "No, no," he would mutter again, "war is detestable, but it is necessary sometimes." And just at the back of this idea came in another. "I wonder how I would look in a Quaker garb?" And then to learn the dialect of the men of Ephraim! He saw that if he

became a Quaker, he must emphatically become a "new man." All his religious doctrines, taught him from the time he could sit round the fire, must be torn up by the roots. His *practice*, too, must be changed; he must doff his old hat, and make a wig of his new, remould his speech, and submit to a renovation, unequivocal and complete. The *perfection* doctrine also met him here, and he concluded that if he could not be a perfect Methodist, he could as little be a perfect Quaker; and so away he walked, fretted and annoyed at as yet he had made no progress in his discovery of a perfect sect framed upon a primitive model.

He was in that happy state of mind, which some affirm is requisite for the "calm inquiry" after truth—indifferent to every thing. One day he would be in raptures with the glorious birth-right of Protestants—freedom of inquiry. Mind—immortal mind, was never intended by its Creator to be controlled, except by HIMSELF—good, great, everlasting good, has been the result of its free, unfettered exercise—it ought never to bow beneath the yoke of mortal man, or submit to the impositions of priestcraft. Next day all would be changed. He could find no rest for the sole of his foot amid the flood of opinions that covers the face of Christendom. He wished for some standard, some infallible standard, forgetting that *there* was the Bible, and *here* was his mind. In this state of doubt and indecision, he became alarmed at an idea he had met with, that men might go down to hell with a lantern in their hand. "True, true, it is an appalling truth—the light which is in me may be darkness, thick palpable darkness—I may walk for a time in the light of my own fire, and the sparks which I have kindled, and then lie down in remediless sorrow!" He had latterly been disposed to admire the hackneyed couplet of Pope, but now he began to weigh its value;—"graceless zealots" may fight for "modes of faith," and equally graceless liberals may think that his "cannot be wrong whose life is in the right"—but there is one mode of faith, for which his servants do *not* fight, and the only one which produces the right sort of life. Afraid of being found among the despisers of God and his unspeakable gift, Amicus, without much consideration, joined a body of Independents, and was again restored to happiness and self-satisfaction. Amongst these good people he concluded himself settled for life. So much plainness and simplicity—so much scriptural purity, and so much love for one another—they seemed to hold the commandments of the Redeemer with a single eye. Besides, though they believed in election, they told him not to trouble his head about it, for it was among the secret things of the Almighty. "This is just what I want," said he, and congratulated himself on having arrived at *ne plus ultra*. He was invited one Sunday to dinner, and another Sunday to tea—he was cordially shaken by the hand when met upon the street—a smile of good-humoured content sat upon many of their countenances—they were so strict, and yet so liberal—their faith seemed to purify their hearts, and to work by love—and all apparently were so desirous of walking in all the commandments of the Lord blameless—that Amicus marvelled how he had shut his eyes so long, and overlooked such a truly excellent body of Christian people. He attended their private meetings, and was called upon to pray occasionally; the fervour of his prayers gained him a high reputation; and the one thought he was where he ought to be, and the others concluded that they had added to their number a pious and a devoted young man. The novelty passed away, and Amicus began to imagine that every thing was not so pleasant and delightful as at first. His mind required more than ordinary excitement; and, as all went on quietly and smoothly, he began to feel restless. They seemed to be overlooking him, and there appeared to be some among them who made themselves of more consequence than the rest. His pride was touched, and he ventured, during a case of discipline, to express what he thought. "Young men are exhorted to be sober-minded," was the pastor's reply,—and vexed and chagrined, Amicus sat down. His love was cooled, and he did not much care if he was away—but decency required him to suppress his feelings.

A new subject, however, started before him and diverted his attention. The millennium absorbed his every thought, and he was in raptures with the glorious scheme. The personal reign, the resurrection of the saints, the restoration of the Jews, and the Redeemer presiding in grace and grandeur over the nations of the earth, filled his heart and elevated his soul. He could scarcely endure a contradiction of his new opinions; it must be so—see how many good Christians believe it—the idea is rich—it is a wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort. He now exhorted his friends to prepare for the coming of their Lord; and if any one ventured to hint that he did not believe he *would* come, Amicus could scarcely be restrained from counting him as worse

than an infidel. One discovery led on to another. Europe could not have been more amazed at the discovery of America, or filled with more valorous adventurers, than the mind of Amicus with lofty and daring imaginations. Truth must be followed whithersoever she will lead, became his motto and his motive. He described new land again, and made right for it. Christ died for all men—for ALL—yes, for ALL; “not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.” It was perfectly plain—nothing could be plainer; and Amicus set about with zeal and assiduity to propagate his new doctrines. Another and another imagination crowded in upon his mind; he embraced the idea that it was likely the saints would eat and drink after the general resurrection, and began to contend for it. Wherever he went he could not rest, until, like some gallant cavalier, he would lay down his new opinions, glove-like, upon the table, and challenge the whole company round. He had no time to talk about any thing but the millennium, the personal reign, and the universality of Christ’s death. The drivelling preachers of a drivelling generation kept the people in bondage; and one day he attacked his pastor, for presuming to preach a sermon on the subject, in which not a single new idea was contained. Now came the tug of war; and Amicus silenced, but not convinced, determined to leave men whose minds were so contracted, and who only seemed to sleep the sounder as the coming of our Lord drew near. A deputation was appointed to wait upon him, and inquire his reasons for withdrawing. This only increased his self-importance, and he would listen to no terms of accommodation, unless his new doctrines were received and embraced. His zeal swallowed up his common sense; and he seemed utterly unaware that, while ranting about the downfall of Antichrist, he was doing his best to uphold him. He was now left to himself, and for a season disdained to enter within the walls of a church. A friend met him and hinted, “Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together.” He started; the cold waters of amazement flowed in upon his soul. A cloud, dark and heavy, gathered round his mind: the Christian world assumed the appearance of a stage, and all the men and women merely players. Time and eternity, heaven and hell, salvation and damnation, appeared as figures of speech, to which nothing definite could be assigned. The pearl of great price was an ingenious device, a crafty invention to gain to a number a portion of this world’s goods; and the wicked one, with all his hosts, were dramatis personæ, introduced to overawe the timid, and keep them in subjection to the clergy. This cloud passed away, and Amicus feared exceedingly as he entered into another. “Ah, an angry God has given me over to a reprobate mind! The evil spirit once cast out, has returned, and finding his former habitation swept and garnished, has taken with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they have entered in and taken possession! Oh! it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God—to count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, and to do despite to the Spirit of his grace!” The mind of Amicus was now in a state pitifully dreary. His morbid imagination and fanatic feelings pictured himself as a withered thing upon the face of the earth—withered for a time, and lost for eternity. When it was evening he wished it were morning, and when it was morning, he wished for the evening. Without God, and without hope in the world, there seemed to remain nothing else for him but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. He trembled lest death would soon come, and gibbet his soul for ever, a spectacle to angels and to men. He regarded himself as a vessel of wrath, fitted for destruction, and waiting to be filled with the lava of the wrath of a holy God. He looked around him and about him, to see where the thunderbolt would issue that was to level him with the earth. But time passed on, and nothing strange appeared. The blue heavens were still over his head, and the ground still firm beneath his feet. Hope, which appeared to have bid him farewell, now unveiled her calm, benignant face, and smiled again upon him. He looked into his Bible, which had been neglected, and there he found the same promises, the same exhortations, the same threatenings, as he had seen before. No alteration had taken place in the text of the Sacred Volume. The waters of salvation were as clear and sweet as ever they were—and the invitation was still, “Whosoever will, let him take of it freely.” What is wrong with me? said Amicus, and he rubbed his eyes. He had cried out, “Oh, that I may know where to find him! I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments.” But here he was still, sitting where he had ever been, on a throne of grace and love, extending the regal sceptre to all who came within his courts, and granting peace, and light, and joy, to those who craved his favour. “Oh! my God,”

Amicus cried, “I have circumscribed thy salvation and thy grace—I have doubted thy free love and thy free favour—and been aiming to walk by sight, and not by faith.” He now began to suspect that all was wrong in his religious system—that he must have built upon a wrong foundation—that he had mistaken the great end of religion—and that he had been substituting HIMSELF for the truth which he had been seeking. Gradually, peace and composure regained possession of his mind, and the troubled waters of a morbid imagination subdued to a calm, which was the more pleasing and delightful after the storm.

Amicus now resolved to reject all his fancies and his whims, and walk quietly in the old way and beaten path of righteousness; concluding it better to leave it to others to hunt for truth, than to break his own head and heart in the chase. Alas! it is said there is no peace to the wicked—and poor Amicus, though striving to walk in the narrow road, concluded there was to be no peace for him. A new dilemma awaited him—in the present state of the Christian world, divided into sects and parties, he could not hold communion with all, and he could not stand aloof from all. He was just where he was when he began the search—with this difference, that he was quite indisposed to begin it over again. He sighed for primitive simplicity, but it was gone with the years before the flood! He looked at the aspect of the Christian world, and it seemed broken into segments—diversified by many-coloured strata—but which, instead of running in parallel lines, intersected each other at angles of all sorts and sizes. The Church, instead of looking forth, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, resembled a scattered and a divided host, “faint, yet pursuing.” He sighed, and almost sickened at the sight. Oh, that she would fling away those petty differences which weaken her strength and impede her powers—gather herself up like a giant refreshed with wine—and go forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty! A gleam of hope dawned upon Amicus. A single individual, when his heart is right, may do a great deal of good. What could or would hinder Amicus from calling the attention of Christians to the duty and expediency of a catholic union? The very idea was charming. He felt his heart beat with joy at the prospect of having his talents usefully employed; and he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and breathed a hasty prayer that he might be the humble and the honoured instrument of effecting a change so great, so glorious, and so good. Down he sat, to draw out a plan for a grand combination. The state dignity of the Establishment was to be lowered—the vulgarity of the Methodists was to be improved—the sternness of the Presbyterian was to be softened—the rough garment of John the Dipper was to be smoothed down—the pride of the Independent was to be laid low—and all the fry of small sects were to be charmed out of their holes and corners at the sound of the music, and the blast of the union trumpet—while last, though not least, the tribes of Ephraim, and the half tribe of Manasseh, abstracted from their spiritual abstractions, were to be seen slowly and deliberately moving up to join the camp, their coats angled, and their broad brims cut—and the surety and the certainty of their allegiance to the cause certified by a yea, yea. Nothing could be finer than such an idea. Amicus saw the whole scene before him—he saw the Macedonian phalanx drawn up in battle array; and as the sun of righteousness shone upon its burnished armour, the brilliant reflection scared the infidel birds of prey, that were hovering around, and sent them screeching, hooting, and flapping their wings, into the den of darkness from which they sprang.

No time was to be lost, for every moment was precious. Amicus wrote letters—copied out his plans—and strove by every figure of speech to rouse and alarm the sons of Zion to the guilt of disunion, and the immediate necessity for a general effort. He showed how Antichrist could not stand such a sight—that the very thought would paralyse his frame, preparatory to his giving up the ghost—the angel was about to fling the mill-stone into the sea, and the other angel was stretching his wings, to take his wondrous flight in the midst of heaven, and proclaim the everlasting Gospel round the globe. No man could resist such reasoning; and accordingly, Amicus carried his papers and his plans to a friend, to take his advice as to the first things to be done, or the first persons addressed. The papers were read, and the plans detailed; but his friend was silent, or evidently endeavouring to suppress a smile. “What do you think?” asked Amicus. “Nothing.” “Nothing! what makes you smile?” “I was reading a book called the Spiritual Quixote, the other day, and—” Amicus gathered up his papers, and rushing out of the house, scampered off like a hare before the wind. He tumbled into bed—wondered that he had never before found out that he had but one eye—and,

after calling himself an ass and a fool, fell asleep. Next morning he awoke, and was astonished at the view his pillow had enabled him to take of the subject. "I see it all," said Amicus, "and I might have seen it before. We might as well try to kick the mountains into the sea, as attempt, instantaneously, to lop off the prejudices of men in religious matters. Time will work it—the diffusion of knowledge will work it—co-operation will work it—and men will yet become as united together as the nature of the human mind will permit. But what am I to do? I am neither a churchman nor a dissenter;"—and, had Amicus not been taught by experience, he might have fallen into another fit of amazement. But something seemed to whisper what he ought to do. Decide for yourself, instead of trying also to decide for other people; act upon your own convictions of what is Truth, and give a similar liberty to all who claim it. Perhaps all these various sects may one day be fused into a homogeneous mass, as MAN ascends to that higher platform of JUDGMENT which he is yet destined to reach. Meantime, wait in PATIENCE, and wait in HOPE. You, yourself, a mere particle of humanity, may be dead, and in your quiet grave, long before that time arrives, when Roman Catholicism, and Church-of-Englandism, and Presbyterianism, and Independentism, and all the host of them, are fused down, and compounded into one vast and compact frame of Christianity. But do your duty. Assist in sowing the seed, from which is to spring that great tree, the leaves of which are to be fair, and the fruit thereof much, and in it food for all; under whose shadow the beasts of the field are to abide, and the fowls of heaven to dwell in its boughs; and all flesh are to be fed by it.

#### CONFESSIONS OF AN IDEAL ORATOR.

FROM the earliest moment that my hearing could appreciate sound, and the heart be moved at the music of speech, oratory has been the darling passion of my soul. Not that I ever set my desires upon being an orator myself—not that I ever actually wanted or wished personally to command the applause of a listening senate, or move an outrageous mob at my will. No—I am an ideal orator—a dreamy preacher—and my audiences are all men of straw. When but an urchin, the carelessness of my guardians permitted me to attend the theatre, and even at that early age, whether walking or sitting, in the silent field or the crowded street, amid the chorus of nature's aviary, or the rumbling of the carts and the rattling of the coaches—all was alike to me. I saw nothing, I heard nothing, I knew nothing, but a crowded amphitheatre of human faces, rising, as it were, from earth to heaven, spotted with eyes like a peacock's tail, or sparkling like diamonds on a dowager's ball head—then the slow music of the orchestra—then, anon, your humble servant would make his appearance, either as a crooked little man, or a tall majestic Roman—of course, either a "laughing devil" in my sneer, or a dark "frown of vengeance" on my knitted brow—while the hitherto calm, but expectant audience, rolled a thunder of applause, which came as sweet upon the soul as the south wind from the spice gardens upon the grateful sense. Often have I stood on the street with my arms folded, until the "three times three" had evaporated, perfectly indifferent either to applause or censure, and possessing no feeling but the consciousness of my powers. Delivered from the peril of theatrical contamination, I had my mind more immediately directed towards religion; and during the course of a short life I have preached perhaps as many sermons as all the ministers of the British islands have done, put together. The royal circle have again and again been melted into tears by the overflowing tenderness and faithful expostulation of my discourses; I have enchanted both houses of parliament into a silence so profound, that the falling of a pin would have sounded like the tinkling of a cymbal—while my versatile humility and versatile talents can at once fly from the chapel royal to Salisbury plain, appear clad in all the gorgeousness of sacerdotal dignity, addressing the nobles of the land, or in primitive simplicity, and with stentorian lungs, alarm ten thousand case-hardened colliers. I have disembodied every popular preacher of the present day, and, while their audiences never perceived the transmigration, have carried their several styles and manners to the loftiest pitch of

sublimity. I have superseded Chalmers—annihilated Wardlaw—and extinguished all and every of the lights that adorn the Establishment or the dissenters. Nay, with less excuse and more impudence than Saul, I have resuscitated the Samuels of all former ages, just to make them die again of mortification, or to jump into their graves, in order to hide their diminished heads.

Now, I am not, properly speaking, an *absent man*. Let reality lay her cold hand upon me, and all my visions vanish. Let me be addressed by any one, and in a moment the *drop-scene* falls, which veils my glories, and no mortal man or woman would ever suspect that I had been up in my own third heavens, and had come down like a flash of lightning. But let me be left again in silence, either in company or in solitude, and up I go, like a feather on the wind. Oh, what labours I go through without fatigue or flinching! However incredible it may seem, I have preached fifty powerful sermons in a day to overflowing and delighted audiences, whose admiration of my amazing abilities could only be matched by my meek and humble spirit, smiling good-naturedly at the foolishness of the people in running after me. And I might long have enjoyed my popularity. I might long have trudged like the ploughboy, not whistling, but preaching as I went, had not a piercing, probing, dissecting philosopher, cruelly unseated my happiness, and disturbed my sweet, dreamy, preaching repose.

This man has succeeded in convincing me, that to allow my imagination to absorb and monopolise my waking moments is absurd, and selfish, and unchristian. He says that it is absurd, because all creation becomes to me a sealed book, and that, instead of looking abroad upon the earth's surface, and drinking in new ideas from the light and loveliness that surrounds me, I creep like a snail into my own shell, or like a land-crab into its hole, or rather like a solitary cormorant preying upon putrid matter, when fresh fish might be had for the diving; or like the sloth on its tree, stripping it bare, and then dropping down on the ground of real life with a heart-rending cry. Moreover, he says it is selfish, for nobody shares with me my mental feasts. I hide my spoil, and then turn inward, the moment I am left alone, to gormandize, like the grave, never saying, "It is enough." The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, "Give, give!" but my imagination has a hundred mouths, or rather like a whirlpool that sucks in everything—like "loud Loffodon," that

"Whirls to death the roaring whale!"

and draws in corks and weed with the same ease and facility, and without either rhyme or reason. But further, the deponent said it was UNCHRISTIAN; for the domineering influence of imagination was a vice requiring to be mortified as much as any other vice of mind or body, and that I planted my shadow on a throne, making the powers of my mind dance round, or nod perpetually, like a Chinese mandarin, or like a notable Scotch baronet, always "boo, boo, booing;" and thus, after ransacking his imagination for figures to show me the folly of mine, he, with a smile, concluded the lecture by assuring me that I would make a wretched bad Quaker; for at the silent meetings I would be up and away, over mountains and rivers, or else pouring out an impassioned strain, petrifying, if not electrifying, the children of gravity.

I heard all, and was astonished. I vowed that, if ever my imagination played vagrant, and ran away with me again, I would scourge it to the Mendicinity, or lock it up in the House of Correction; nay, I determined to break its impudent spirit, and give it hard labour and dry food: but it grins at me. Just when I think I have it, like the boy with the butterfly—away—whiz!—up it goes, mounts the pulpit, opens the Bible, gives out the text, and I, with open mouth, look on, till my own eloquence carries me away, not in a fainting fit, but in a fit of sublimity. I have handcuffed it—I have put drags on its feet—I have loaded its body with chains; but it slips the handcuffs, kicks the drags at my head, puts the chains in its pocket, and then off it flies, not to the tombs, but to the pulpit, and there labours mightily in its vocation. An old frigid mathematician told me, the other day, that, like foolish parents, I must eat the fruit of my folly; for I had indulged my bantling to such a pernicious extent, that it was no wonder the spoiled child would play freaks! What consolation is this for me, that wishes, above all things, to be a decent, jogging Christian man! So indignant am I, at times, that, if scourging my poor



flesh would frighten the tormentor of my existence, I would imitate the monks of La Trappe, and "not spare." But permit me to detail a few of the inconveniences I have suffered in consequence of the exercise of my talents.

1. I could not sleep one night, and getting up, walked about the room. My mind was disposed to be solemn, and I thought of the time when the heavens would depart as a scroll, and the millions of the human race, from Adam to his youngest born, should meet at the close of time's chronicle; and my heart sunk at the indifference of men to the awful truth. The voice of the watchmen spoke of hours, and days, and years, rushing past like a flood. An immense auditory was round me in a moment, and I carried them beyond the boundaries of visible, and scaled the heights of the everlasting hills; yea, I bore them aloft into regions "forsaken of the foot," and skirted, with untiring pinion, the gulf that separates heaven and hell: when, lo! a sharp jingling sound scattered my audience, and comfortably assured me that I had shattered the looking-glass into a hundred fragments. I was not long out of bed.

2. Once, when on a very pleasant excursion with a few friends, among whom was a young lady in whose good graces I wished to stand rather favourably, we spent an hour or two at a well-known waterfall. Silence reigned among the company, as if all wished to enjoy the turbulence of the waters. An incidental observation was made on how fine and forcible a figure a cataract supplies to the orator. Gradually a film passed over my eyes,—rocks, trees, and water, receded from my sight—a copious perspiration broke upon my body—I was literally bathed in dew; and no wonder, for I was pouring out a torrent of eloquence to as crowded and respectable an auditory as ever surrounded a pulpit. My theme was the progress and the triumph of eternal truth. I compared it to a flood rolling majestically on, and that over all opposition it would dash, like the cataract in its course. Ay, the powers of darkness might combine, but as soon could they blot out the sun or dry up the ocean! Yes!—A shock paralysed my powers. I have no distinct recollection of my situation, till I was drawn out of the water, shaking my shaggy locks, and looking foolishly forlorn. We had been standing on the bank, and, just as I reached the climax of my oration, I clasped the young lady, and both went into the stream. After we had all recovered our "propriety," and were put to rights, a sharp investigation was made into my motives, which ended in a hearty laugh, and we drove merrily home; but, alas! the young lady has ever since regarded me as a sort of innocent musing idiot, very fit to laugh at, but very unfit for being her proper lord and master.

3. At an anniversary meeting, one of the speakers did not particularly attract my attention: in truth, he was a dull, plodding fellow, rather injuring his cause, than serving it. After a few minutes' reverie, by a sort of light-footed, fairy magic, I exchanged situations with him, and produced such an effect that many thousand pounds were instantly collected. The president proposed a special vote of thanks, but I started up and declared that I would not permit it, as it was invidious. A faint scream made me open my eyes: in my gesticulations, I had struck a respectable lady on the face; everybody was staring, some whispering that I was mad, and others that I should be handed over to the police; when my own indescribable ludicrously-looking embarrassment saved me.

4. Having gone to church one Sabbath in rather a high state of excitement, from the expectation of hearing a splendid and popular preacher, and feeling annoyed at seeing a reverend Dry-as-dust in his place, I crept, as usual, into myself. On this occasion I was so gloriously sublime, that I was very nearly confounded. My theme was the Bible. What a range did I take, in tracing the past, the present, and the probable progress of the blessed "Book!" I beheld it emerging at the Reformation, and gathering itself up in its strength, like a giant refreshed with sleep, arousing the human mind from its lethargy, and shaking Europe to its centre—I saw it now knocking at the palace-gates of Eastern monarchs, wrestling with superstition, and smiting the hydra to the earth—I saw it now touching the chains of the slave, and they dropped from his arm—I saw it now breathing upon the mists that overhung the earth, and they rolled up the mountains' sides—I saw it kindling a fire in the frigid zone, and the ice melted away—I saw it pouring oil upon the tempestuous waves of this world's affairs, and, as far as the eye could reach, billow after billow sunk down into a sea of glass—I saw it stretching its wand over contending hosts, and the warriors dashed their weapons on the ground, and rushed into each other's embrace—I saw it standing with one foot on the land, and another in the sea, and stretching a canopy of light and love over and around the globe—I saw it rooting up the

thorns and nettles and briars of the wilderness, and the rose smiled in their stead, and the wild beast vanished, and the vine and the fig-tree yielded their fruit, and old men came from the chimney-corner to sit in the evening breeze, and multitudes of little children sported in the beams of the setting sun, and the lowing of the cattle broke upon the ear, and the fields waved their peaceful banners, and nodded to mother earth, chanting "Plenty, plenty, plenty!"—THEN—and I took the Bible in my transport, and held it up to the view of my audience—THEN!—and the Bible flew out of my hand, and I strained to catch it, and flew out of the pulpit myself, and came down with a tremendous crash on the head of the clerk below, whose neck was nearly broken, and I—looked up, and found myself lying at the bottom of the pew, with several books on the top of me, and some young ladies tittering, while a kind matron raised me up, whisperingly hoped I was not hurt, bade me remember the young man in the Acts, and never sleep during sermon again!

These are but a specimen of the miseries I endure; and being naturally sensitive and bashful, I dread the idea of ridicule and eccentricity, and yet I am continually making myself ridiculous and eccentric. What concerns me most is, that these dreamings do actually incrust a coat of selfishness about the spirit, and shut up the natural flow of the charities of the heart. It incloses the dreamer in a world of his own, to which he retires on every possible opportunity. Every attempt to coerce my oratorical powers is just attempting to bind Samson in his strength, or to tie an eagle with a rope of sand. I preach daily, hourly, without ceasing, but I preach without profit. I can scarcely read more than a verse of the Bible without preaching, or follow a sentence of a prayer without preaching, or hear a few animating expressions without preaching. I have heard of a disease which turns all aliment into water. My mind turns everything into preaching; and it will soon be as porous as a sponge, unless some benevolent friend can suggest a cure for me.

#### WAR ABOUT WORDS.

In most of the domestic broils which have agitated civilised communities, the result has been determined, or seriously affected, by the nature of the prevalent *talk*,—by the nature of the topics or phrases which have figured in the war of words. These topics or phrases have been more than pretexts; more than varnish; more than distinguishing cockades mounted by the opposite parties.

For example. If the bulk of the people of England had thought and reasoned with Mr. Burke,—had been imbued with the spirit, and had seized the scope, of his arguments,—her needless and disastrous war with her American colonies would have been stifled at the birth. The stupid and infuriate majority, who rushed into that odious war, could perceive and discourse of nothing but the sovereignty of the mother-country, and her so-called right to tax her colonial subjects.

But, granting that the mother-country was properly the sovereign of the colonies,—granting that the fact of her sovereignty was proved by invariable practice,—and granting her so-called right to tax her colonial subjects, this was hardly a topic to move an enlightened people.

Is it the interest of England to insist upon her sovereignty? Is it her interest to exercise her right without the approbation of the colonists? For the chance of a slight revenue, to be wrung from her American subjects, and of a trifling relief from the taxation which now oppresses herself, shall she drive those reluctant subjects to assert their alleged independence,—visit her own children with the evil of war,—squander her treasures and soldiers in trying to keep them down, and desolate the very region from which the revenue must be drawn? \* \* \* But arguments drawn from utility were not to the dull taste of the stupid and infuriate majority. The rabble, great and small, would hear of nothing but their *right*. "They'd a right to tax the colonists, and tax 'em they would—ay, that they would." Just as if a right were worth a rush of itself, or a something to be cherished and asserted independently of the good that it may bring.

Mr. Burke would have taught them better,—would have purged their muddled brains, and "laid the fever in their souls" with the healing principle of utility. He asked them what they would get, if the project of coercion should succeed; and implored them to compare the advantage with the hazard and the cost. But the sound practical men still insisted on their *right*, and sagaciously shook their heads at him, as a refiner and a theorist.—*Austen's Province of Jurisprudence determined.*

#### INGENUITY IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE FEET OF WATER-FOWL.

The web-foot of a water-fowl is an inimitable paddle, and all the ingenuity of the present day exerted to improve our steam-boats makes nothing to approach it. The flexor tendon of the toes of the duck is so directed over the heads of the bones of the thigh and leg, that it is made tight when the creature bends its legs, and is relaxed when the leg is stretched out. When the bird draws its foot up, the toes are drawn together, in consequence of the bent position of the bones of the leg pressing on the tendon. When, on the contrary, it pushes the leg out straight, in making the stroke, the tendons are relieved from the pressure of the heel-bone, and the toes are permitted to be fully extended and at the same time expanded, so that the web between them meets the resistance of a large volume of water.—*Lord Brougham.*

#### FIRST APPEARANCE AT COURT.

Lennard Solikoff, a Swiss nobleman, who, on the conclusion of the Swiss union, went to Paris as ambassador, had a large dog, which on his departure he ordered to be shut up for eight days. This was done; yet, at the end of that period, the dog traced his way to the French capital (400 miles), and on the day of audience, rushed in, all covered with mud, and leaped up mad for joy upon his master. In the family castle of Thuringia there is a painting of the story.—*Anecdotes of Animals.*

#### THUNDER STORMS.

To determine the distance of a thunder storm, it is only necessary to ascertain the number of seconds which intervene between the sight of the lightning and hearing the sound, and these multiplied by 1090, the number of feet that sound travels in a second, will give in feet an approximate estimate of the distance of the electrified cloud from the place of observation.—*The Earth, by W. M. Higgins.*

#### INSTINCTIVE DREAD OF HYDROPHOBIA.

A man, who used to come every day to the celebrated Dr. James's house, was so beloved by three cocker spaniels which he kept, that they never failed to jump into his lap, and caress him the whole time he staid. It happened that this man was bitten by a mad dog, and the very first night he came under the influence of the distemper, they all ran away from him to the very top of the garret-stairs, barking and howling, and showing signs of distress and consternation. The man was cured, but the dogs were not reconciled to him for three years afterwards.—*Brown's Anecdotes of Dogs.*

#### A JOKE, NO JOKE.

I heard of one near Oxford who borrowed 50*l.* of his father-in-law, so it was to be concluded when it was to be paid, and they being a little knavish concluded the 30th of next February; hee being an ignorant fellow, assented, the lawyer drew the writings accordingly, but the fellow cannot get his money to this day, hee lives at Marston, near Oxford.—*Diary of the Rev. J. Ward.*

#### VISIONS OF ANGELS.

Our modern young gentlemen are but ill plants, grow, like cucumbers more to belly than head, and have but little pipe for hearts. It was quite different in my younger days. Who would believe it now? But we were certainly in some way gifted then. We saw angels—and now one scarcely even hears of them. It was an angel-seeing age; I have myself seen many. I first began to see them about seventeen years of age; and that was in the year—but no, there is no occasion to mention the year; the angels might not like again to visit me if I did, and I still live in hope. I cannot exactly say how many I saw before I was twenty; but they all struck me as having very beautiful hair; their eyes were heavenly; but, if the first sight was enchanting, the first touch of the little finger of one thrilled me all over, and then I knew and felt it was an angel.—*Blackwood.*

#### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!—*Dickens.*

#### EGOTISM.

Contempt is egotism in ill-humour. Appetite without moral affection, social sympathy, and even without passion and imagination—in plain English, mere lust,—is the basest form of egotism, and being *infra* human, or below humanity, should be pronounced with the harsh breathing, as *he-goat-ism*.—*Coleridge.*

#### TOLERATION.

I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the memory of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of friars; for, though misplaced in circumstance, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the *Ave Maria* bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt; whilst, therefore, they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering mine own.—*Brown's Religio Medici.*

#### A CURE FOR EATING TOO MUCH.

A certain woman did eat much before her husband, and hee complained of her to her mother; shee told him it was her fault, for shee advised him to let her have her home to worne her; and shee advised her to eat little before her husband, but to pay it in private; and so shee did, which very much pleased him, inasmuch that hee forgave tenne pound of her portion which was left behind, for worning her.—*Diary of the Rev. J. Ward.*

#### THE TROPHY OF VICTORY.

The following instance of the fidelity and courage of a terrier occurred at Glasgow:—One evening, as a young gentleman of the name of Hardie was passing through St. Andrew's Square, on his way home to his father's house in Charlotte-street, he was stopped opposite the north-west corner of St. Andrew's church by a man armed with a large stick, who seized him by the breast, and striking him a violent blow on the head, desired him instantly to deliver his watch. As he was preparing to repeat the blow, a terrier belonging to Mr. Hardie sprang at the ruffian, and seized him by the throat, and his master at the same time giving him a violent push, he fell backwards and dropt his stick, which the other immediately seized and carried off. The terrier soon after followed him home, bearing in his teeth, as a trophy of his courage, nearly half the front of the man's waistcoat, in the lining of which half-a-guinea was found carefully sewed up. The waistcoat was of coarse woollen stuff, with a black stripe, much worn and tattered, and not at all corresponding with the elegance of the walking-stick, which had a gilt head, and contained a handsome small sword.—*Anecdotes of Dogs.*

#### ADVANTAGE OF THE MODERNS.

Though there were many giants of old in physics and philosophy, yet I say with Didacus Stella, "a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant, may see further than the giant himself."—*Burton.*

#### BEGIN NOTHING OF WHICH THOU HAST NOT WELL CONSIDERED THE END.

A certain Cham of Tartary, travelling with his nobles, was met by a dervise, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice." The Cham ordered him the sum, upon which the dervise said,

"Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end."

The courtiers hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, "The dervise is well paid for his maxim." But the king was so well pleased with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters on several parts of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the Cham's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet at the time he let him blood. One day, when the Cham's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the basin,

"Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end."

He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The Cham observing his confusion, inquired the reason: the surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned; but the conspirators were put to death. The Cham, turning to his courtiers, who had heard the advice with contempt, told them, that counsel could not be too highly valued which had saved a Cham's life.—*Spectator.*

#### INTELLECTUAL MODESTY.

We should never estimate the soundness of principles by our own ability to defend them; or consider an objection as unanswerable, to which we can find no reply. It is an absurd self-confidence, especially in a young person, to abandon his principles as soon as he may find himself worsted in argument. There is no defence against flippant sophistry so effectual as an intelligent modesty. Indeed, genuine firmness of mind consists greatly in an habitual recollection of our own moderate powers and acquirements.—*Taylor's Elements of Thought.*

#### HABIT.

We are so wonderfully formed, that, while we are creatures vehemently desirous of novelty, we are as strongly attached to habit and custom. But it is the nature of things which hold us by custom, to affect us very little while we are in possession of them, but strongly when they are absent. I remember to have frequented a certain place every day for a long time together: and I may truly say, that so far from finding pleasure in it, I was affected with a sort of uneasiness and disgust: I came, I went, I returned without pleasure; yet if by any means I passed by the usual time of my going thither, I was remarkably uneasy, and was not quiet till I had got into my old track. They who use snuff, take it almost without being sensible that they take it, and the acute sense of smell is deadened, so as to feel hardly anything from so sharp a stimulus: yet deprive the snuff-taker of his box, and he is the most uneasy mortal in the world.—*Burke.*

#### COST OF ADVERTISING QUACK MEDICINES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The cost of advertising quack medicines in the twenty-four States, annually, is supposed to amount to two hundred thousand dollars. A peck of pills a day is considered necessary for Boston, and half a bushel for New York. On an average, only one in twenty-five who take them is actually sick; and the proportion of those who dispense with some necessary of life to purchase nostrums which do them a positive injury, is in the ratio of eighty-seven to every hundred throughout the country.—*American Medical Journal.*

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